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## Things oceneral

B EFORE, and at the time of, the Panama revolution, a pre-B TFORE, and at the time of, the Panama revolution, a prediction was ventured on this page that a very short period would be permitted to elapse before the annexation by the United States of the territory through which the canal is to be built. The extraordinary absence of any moral sense which has shadowed the comments of the United States newspapers is summarized most unblushingly in the following extract from the San Francisco "Argonaut," which, without doubt, is the best edited paper on the Pacific coast, and really, as regards independence and brains, does not need to take its hat off to anything in the United States. The article, better perhaps than anything that could be written or quoted, expresses the attitude of the better class of people of the land-hungry Republic. It is useless to talk about morals and treaties and arbitrations and international good feeling in the presence of men and newspapers who are con-

morals and treaties and arbitrations and international good feeling in the presence of men and newspapers who are controlled by such views as the following:

"Politically considered, as strange, anomalous and altogether umantisateory condition of affairs exists in the new, so-styled Republic of Panama." Nominally, there is there a daily established Government having authority. Actually established Government having authority. Actually established Government having authority. Actually, the could not exist a single day were the strong, supporting arm of the United States withdrawn. As a matter of cold fact, the members of the Panama junta are but marionettes maneetived by a string which ends in the back room of the State Department, Washington, D.C.

"Such a condition, of affairs is, we say, unsatisfactory; in time it will become intolerable. Nine poor men will sleep on a pile of straw, but no country is large enough for two kings, says an ancient proverb. And Panama is far too narrow to support two Governments in harmony. Between the fiery little Spanish officials and the American engineers and officers who will be constructing the canal there are bound to come conflicts of authority and wretched squabbles, if not worse, been fifty-three revolutions in half a century, worse may reasonably be expected.

"In the freaty just ratified with Panama was guarantee its independence; promise to defend it against all comers; agree to clean the streets, alleys, and back yards of its cities; to make health resorts out of pestholes; to furnish Colon and Panama a Pure water supply; to give the Government special telegraph and telephone rates within the canal strip; to allow free passage through the canal of lathmian vessels; and furthermore to hand over 40 Panama ten millions of dollars in cold cash, and to pay age-attal of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars any part of the care of the strain of the strain of the canal of lathmian vessels; and furthermer to hand the proper strain of the strain of the strain of the strain o

Panama. It is our manifest destiny; it is our 'plain

What is "Manifest Destiny?" As the "Argonaut" understands it, it is the destiny of the United States to be "It," of the powerful to overcome the weak, of the brazen to put to the blush the modest; it is the triumph of the swaggerer and the boast of the swashbuckler. The only crumb of comfort that Canada can get from such an article as the above is that the Monroe destrips for the mount has been swallowed that the Monroe doctrine for the moment has been swallo that the Monroe doctrine for the moment has been swantowed up by a thought of the unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. Unfortunately, the United States is at any moment liable to declare itself to be what is left of Simon pure Anglo-Saxondom. Surely no self-respecting Canadian with the slightest knowledge of international morals or a tendency towards honesty as either a policy or a virtue, can subscribe to such a hearty hurrah over a piece of trickery which, even by those who approve of it, is found absolutely indefensible.

Societies to Do This and the Associations to Prevent
That are busy trying to find a reason for the expulsion
of a man named Smoot, of Utah, from a seat in the United
States Senate. Even the Labor Unions objected to him, prob-States Senate. Even the Labor Unions objected to him, probably on the ground that he has more than his share of wives. As a matter of fact, it does not appear as if Smoot of Utah had more than the legitimate number of Mrs. Smoots, for nobody has yet alleged that Mrs. Smoot is any more numeroum than one; in fact, the objection to him appears to be based on the ground that he is theoretically a believer in polygamy, while practically he is a monogamist. Even this is only deduced from the fact that he is a Mormon and that nonody has yet alleged that Mrs. Smoot is any more numerous than one; in fact, the objection to him appears to be based on the ground that he is theoretically a believer in polygamy, while practically he is a monogamist. Even this is only deduced from the fact that he is a Mormon and that Mormonism sanctions a plurality of wives. Of course if the United States Senate can expel a man for believing in polygamy, though he does not practice it, it would be hard to find a senator who could retain his seat if belief or lack of belief in anything is to be made the basis of expulsion. It seems to be a question whether the Senate will endorse the

stealing of Panama from Colombia, though it is believed that a majority of the Senate will concar in the seizure of the territories to be traversed by the canal. If so, it will be demonstrated that the Senate not only believes in theft, but practices it. No doubt it is the general immorality of people in high places who, while they have but one wife at a time, have the privilege of having a number, one after the other, which has led to the desperate attempt to appear horrified at even the mention of polygamy. Altogether, the position of Mr. Smoot seems to be impregnable, while those who are assailing him are not only attempting to sat him out of the Senate, but to overturn the much belat, are constitution of the Republic, which proscribes that no the shall be made respecting an establishment of religion or the prohibition of individual beliefs.

Or invisible, tangible or intangible. In figuring out this theory it seems to the ordinary blunt mind that the individual spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some great hard not a simple role at a time, have a material cell which may be described as a human being. Taken altogether the new theory is five or six sizes too large for the ordinary blunt mind that the individual spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some great hard not a six sizes too large for the ordinary blunt mind that the individual spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some great hard not only a six sizes too large for the ordinary blunt mind that the individual spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some great hard not only a spirit, or essence, or ego, must be an enormously powerful engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some engine or is merely an atom or a fragment of some engine or i

PACKAGE containing \$10,000, shipped by registered mail from the Bank of Hamilton at Winnipeg to Vancouver, disappeared a couple of weeks ago, and it appears to have gone for good. Some years ago I wrote as strongly as I knew how with regard to the habit of banks sending large packages of bills by registered mail instead of express for the sake of saving a few dimes in the transaction. Indeed, I cuma near getting a postal clerk into trouble by describing too minutely the extraordinary way in which these money packages were being sent long distances in such a shape as to tempt the cupidity not only of postal employees, but of those who are aware that large amounts of money are being transmitted without any safe place in which they can be kept. As a postal clerk told me, he had a run of several hundred miles, received the money from the man who pre-

when we are hungry and go in out of the wet when it rains.

A BOSTON woman in reproving her child said that what the youngster did was not only naughty, but it was worse—vulgar. What the Onfario Government has done with North Renfrew as a particular instance is not only naughty, but vulgar. One can quite readily overleok mistakes which are not a part of a system. Bad form is worse than easy virtue. Take a special instance. The woman who is guilty of bad form may be quite virtuous, but she scandalizes herself and her neighbors, and her husband perhaps. The person who lacks virtue naturally conceals the impropriety. When a person or a Government fails to regard public opinion, when as a matter fact they either ignore or do not understand the good form of politics, they must get hurt, and the damage to them is greatly in excess of real impropriety. In North Renfrew the Ross Government has shown diskinct inability to manage political business. For Mr. Ross I have the greatest possible admiration, and I could imagine nothing that I when as a matter of fact they either ignore or do not understand official status to his marvelous eloquence. When, however, he

MEMORY LORNE HALE LOST IN N. RENFREW 26th N. MCCONNELL

Premier Ross-Things don't seem to be coming my way.

ceded him, and handed it over either to another postal clerk or to the mail carrier, who took it to a postoffice. In case of disappearance of money it is largely a question of one postal clerk's word against that of another or against the word of a carrier. The packages I saw were so roughly prepared by the banks sending them that the corners of the bills showing the denominations protruded through the ragged covering. The despatch announcing the loss says, "All the railway mail service men who had the handling of the ragged covering. The despatch announcing the loss says, "All the railway mail service men who had the handling of the package claim that the closest investigation will prove that they had no guilty knowledge of the affair." If the money is not found the proof of which the railway men speak will perhaps be only sufficient to keep them from arrest, but not to clear them from a cloud of suspicion. It is unnecessary to go into the details of how these packages are handled; suffice it to say that the receipt given by one clerk to another is sometimes for a bag containing a number of parcels, and frequently of such a character that a valuable package can be identified as being at any specified time in the hands any one man or set of men. When money is sent by express the system is very differ-

ent. Safes are provided, some of them, with time locks, which cannot be opened except when the machinery is run down cannot be opened except when the machinery is run down. Others have to be opened by the express messenger and the local agent together. Firearms are provided for the protection of the express messengers and the loss of money is of rare occurrence. This being the case, it seems a very parsimonious practice for banks to send large sums by registered mail, as is their custom, through great stretches of wild country, and it is a matter of wonder that losses are not more frequent. Admittedly nobody has a right to tempt the cupidity of an employee receiving small pay for a hard task, and if possible the post-office authorities should put a stop to such temptations being offered.

T is being urged by the most advanced philosophers that It is being urged by the most advanced philosophers that the something which we all talk about but which none of us understand, the "I," the brain, the life, the energy, the soul, the something the presence of which marks the difference between human life and all other forms of existence, possesses supreme power over matter. When a definition of "matter" is undertaken we again find it impossible to be definite or even intelligible. As you stand speaking to a friend the space between you is not empty; it is filled with matter of some sort invisible to the eye, unresponsive to the touch. When you breathe, you inhale something; when you see, something passes from the eye or comes to it; when you hear, the sound which arrests your attention does not come through vacancy, it is probably a material of itself. When you speak you are probably giving out a material thing of

Temiskaming Railway, was an error of judgment so glaring and made so conspicuous that a schoolboy should have avoided any such error. North Renfrew neither took offence at the any such error. North Rentrew heither took offence at the terminus of the Government railway nor at being disfranchised for so long a period. Like every other community, it had very little regard for its proprietary claims on a franchise or anything else. Communities are too apt to forget the value of having a voice in the Legislature or being made the principle.

of having a voice in the Legislature or being made the principal spot of a Government railway venture.

It is easy to forgive a Government for being beaten in a rural community where personal popularity means so much, but it is not easy to overlook the lack of sense which made success impossible. From the very beginning Dunlop, the conservative, was a stronger candidate than Hale, the Liberal. Dunlop looked after his personal interests by meeting everybody in the riding. Hale left his Liberal affairs to outsiders. That Hale was beaten is not hard guessing. That the Liberal Government should run things that way is evidence of a lack of sense which nobody can excuse.

The difficulties in organizing a riding where personality means so much as in North Renfrew must be admitted. That men who claim to be politicians and think they have the

nen who claim to be politicians and think they have the whole province in their grasp cannot do any better than was lone on Saturday, must necessarily diminish public confidence in their ability. Hon. Mr. Latchford, who lives in that ocality and is the representative of the Irish Roman Catho ic element in Ontario, is distinctly discredited. His district has gone sour. He has been able to do nothing for the Government, and if you ask me I think the Irish Roman Catholic element has been a source of weakness rather than strength to Mr. Ross, not only in that lay-out but all over the provence. A representative of the same element was appointed to Mr. Ross, not only in that lay-out but all over the province. A representative of the same element was appointed
in that district on the Temiskaming Railway Commission,
with an idea that North Renfrew would be kept aweet for
the Government. He has been an absolute failure, and it
looks as if the whole Government was more or less of a
failure at playing the political game. Politics is a lively
game, and Mr. Ross has never done a worse thing for himself than to demonstrate the fact that he cannot play it. Mr.
Whitney and the crowd behind him have not shown any abilty to do what their opponents have been unable to do. Mr. Whitney and the crowd behind him have not shown any ability to do what their opponents have been unable to do. Mr. Gamey has been presented to the public as the darling of the Conservative party. His unfitness to occupy any such place needs no demonstration. I imagine that the average man would refuse, knowing his record, to sit in the same room with Mr. Gamey. That he has been put in front and made a type of the Ontario Conservative is to make the party distinctly an organization which one would naturally refuse to belong to. In the old times to be a Tory was to be respectable; nowadays it seems as if to be a Tory was to be made disreputable with the companionship of Gameys and Callaghans et al. Hon. Mr. Mowat was the highest type of politic

man who is cons liant and states Ross is evidently being man to suspect of ine great to be the victim

OTHING could possibly and tend to disbelief in than the conduct of ex-Ma an honorable gentleman, in municipal himself a laughing-stock. It is a pl that once in a while we get a man wit into political office. It is a very sad conspicuous that a man of this are the said of Mr. Howland was intended to be semations candidature up by being simply silly. Few people imagine that is mound land was genuinely a candidate. The average elector had and was genuinely a candidate. The average elector had doubt put him aside as a pretentious person who desires to be in sight. If Mr. Howland really thought that Toronto was in the hands of a Tammany clique which was providing means and people for the undoing of this city's prosperity, he would not have been a few seconds late or a few minutes late in filing his certificates of fitness. To have people talk so seriously as Mr. Howland has talked of the wickedness of men in charge of our affairs, and then be so dilatory in putting in an appearance, is to make the whole thing preposterous. Mr. Howland has demonstrated himself as an absurdity, and while we all admit that he is a good-looking and cheerful absurdity we would be very much obliged to him if he would keep out of sight

THE Post-Office Department at Washington about a week ago issued an order denying the use of the United States mails to the Maxim & Gay Co. of New York, who have been doing an extensive business as race-track tipsters. These people advertised in Canada, and as I pointed out some weeks ago, were doing a business which the Canadian authorities should put under the ban. How much money they succeeded in obtaining from the "pigeons" who sent them sums of money from "twenty-five dollars upwards," no ane can say. Prosecution was begun against a local newspaper publishing their advertisement, but if any conclusion was arrived at it has escaped my notice. Canadian authorities should be much more strict than they are with regard to permitting such advertising matter to pass through the mails. The United States authorities are much more prompt in shutting down upon these people who operate under the Stars and Stripes than we are in preventing aliens obtaining good money from this side of the line by pretending to do things which, if they were possible of accomplishment, they would work with their own capital and keep the profits. Our mails are loaded down from one end of the year to the other with advertisements carried by alien newspapers and magazines which could be stopped at the national line if a proper censorship of fraudulent advertisements were established.

be stopped at the national line if a proper censorship of fraudulent advertisements were established.

DOTESTS are appearing in the daily papers against the teaching of typewriting and shorthand in the Public schools. We are threatened with a general call to arms by atenographers of both sexes, who complain that the proposed that a Union or the stenographers and typest formed to look after wages and to prevent the business pecoming overcrowded. While quite in sympathy with the large and exceedingly useful class of stenographers and typesmachine operators, I cannot see that they have any strong plea to offer for recognition as a special guild. Our Public schools are presumed to prepare the youth of this city for some useful avocation. It would be quite as reasonable to oppose the teaching of penmanship as of typewriting. The fact that typewriting is superseding the old-fashioned method is no reason for denying the Public school pupil an opportunity of learning what is becoming in office use absolutely as great a necessity as arithmetic and spelling. Why should tax-worn parents be forced at considerable expense to send their boys and girls to so-called commercial colleges in order to fit them for the simplest office pursuits, or why should those who have acquired a certain amount of skill spend time and energy in making it more difficult for beginners? I have never known a commercial college or shorthand school to turn out a perfected stenographer and typist, and those who are in the business need not be afraid that the output of the Public schools will be any better. What has been done and will be done in schools consists merely in the furnishing of the pupil with ness need not be afraid that the output of the Public schools will be any better. What has been done and will be done in schools consists merely in the furnishing of the pupil with the rudiments of the business, to which must be added many things before the beginner will be at all in competition with the skilled stenographer. Even those who have had the benefit of as good a common school education as can be had in Toronto, very seldom write a sufficiently good hand to be let touch a set of books in a well-regulated office, and certainly none of the Public school output, no matter how long they have studied bookkeeping, can take a situation away from an experienced bookkeeper. The stenographer must add to a knowledge of shorthand a thorough acquaintance with spelling, must acquire many specialties in technical words and phrases, and must have a fairly good knowledge of the general phrases, and must have a fairly good knowledge of the general subjects concerning which he or she writes. Many steno-graphers work for years for very small pay, while others in a few months show such a natural aptitude and develop such skill that they are almost invaluable to an employer. evidently quite as absurd for the stenographers to oppose the teaching of their specialties in the schools as it would be to protest against the teaching of reading, writing and arithmetic, which are the necessary elements of an education netic, which are the necessary elements of the potential of the potential

Talking of elementary education, I noticed an article by quite a popular writer in one of the evening papers headed, "Whither from, Where to?" This phrase was quite plentifully sprinkled through the article, the writer seeming to think he had struck a pretty good thing, "Whither" is supposed to mean "where to" and "whither from" would mean "where to from," and the whole heading would mean "where to from, where to?" It is hardly necessary to say that the idea would have been much better expressed by the two words, "Whence, whither," but it is an example of how experience even fails sometimes to get a thing right.

L AST week "Saturday Night" commented on the contempt in which the Toronto Railway Commented L AST week "Saturday Night" commented on the contempt in which the Toronto Railway Company and other corporations hold the city of Toronto. On Monday last, as if to furnish conclusive demonstration of the justice of the charge, Mr. Bicknell, counsel for the Railway Company—a good sort of a fellow, personally—in his cross-examination of the City Engineer, fairly excelled himself in the practice of impudence as a high art. One clause of the city's suit against the Company refers, it will be remembered, to the repeated neglect on the part of the defendants to run closed and properly heated cars early enough in the season. Every dizen neglect on the part of the defendants to run closed and properly heated cars early enough in the season. Every citizen who has lungs and bronchial tubes knows the effects of patronizing Toronto street cars during October and November. But Mr. Bicknell deprecates the discomfort. "Do you consider it unhealthy to drive in an open carriage in the winter time!" he asks. "You do not mean to say that all people have closed or heated carriages for all purposes in this city after October 1st, do you?" If the situation were not so humiliating, the impertinence of these questions would be highly amusing. What has the healthfulness or the unhealthfulness of driving in What has the healthfulness or the unhealthfulness of driving in open carriages in the winter time to do with the car service? What does the average business man care whether Mr. Bondstoburn wears a fur-lined coat or pyjamas when he makes his New Year's calls? Mr. Bondstoburn may suit himself. The fact that most interests the man in the street is that his carriages—the street cars—are not equipped with the comforts that he pays for. If the Tailors' Union becomes possessed of the idea that a return to a state of nature is decirable in the

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all beaten. Such pies, and such should make W. P. the happies

ding some time with her daughter eneral at Folkestone. Mrs. Turner lin-law are also there. All are well, ther awful. I believe Mrs. Turner a house in Winchester and will re-At the Hall, the usual pleasant oarents and children is gathered. Mr. ame home for the holidays. Mr. Harold elightful. Many have marked off the even-15th to attend it. Invitations have been sent s of the 13th and the new Highland regiment in

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra, who never forget, send kind holiday greetings from the Imperial Hotel in Bournemouth to their Toronto friends.

Talking of the Engineers' dance reminds me that at their Talking of the Engineers' dance reminds me that at their first dance a late arrival was Mrs. G. W. Ross, who had been at a State dinner, and came on, though far from well, "just to let the boys see I don't forget," she said, in her hearty, motherly way. With her was Andrew Pattullo, and I drove down with them to the Osgoode dance (the famous "frost" of a few seasons ago), after a few moments of kindly greeting at the Gym. Mrs. Ross had always a surplus of love over from her only cherished son, which blessed many a young chap who came under her sweet influence.

Senator and Mrs. George A. Cox spent New Year's day in Peterboro' with their daughter, Mrs. A. L. Davis.

Mrs. McIntyre of 46 Glen road will receive on the first and cond Mondays of January, February and March.

The usual New Year's afternoon reception was anno for Thursday at Government House from four to half-past six

Mr. Allen Magee, A.D.C., spent Christmas with his people in London and returned to Toronto on New Year's eve. Mr. Magee has been a busy young man the last few weeks, his Christmas examinations and his official duties being enough to completely fill his time. I understand that there is, however, no foundation for the rumor that he is to resign the latter, as has been stated persistently in some quarters.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee, her daughter and grand-daughter, Mrs. and Miss Selwyn, left this week for England. Mrs. Selwyn and baby will go on to India to join Major Selwyn, and Mrs. Lee, I understand, will return in due time to Toronto. Mrs. Lee has rented her house, 64 Madison avenue, furnished, to Mr. and Mrs. McNutt of the C.P.R.. who recently came west from the Maritime Provinces. Mr. McNutt is a connection of Sir Louis Davies, and a Prince Edward Islander, I believe.

A correspondent writes: "A short time ago at the residence of Mrs. William Goldstein, 39 Wilton crescent, three bright little girls named Irene and Ethel Goldstein and Mabel Block, having a desire to benefit some little children not as comfortable as themselves, gave a bazaar which proved very successful indeed, and resulted in the sum of \$69. This amount was equally divided, half going to the Home for Incurable Children and half to the Children's Aid Society of Toronto. The cheque for the Children's Aid Society was brought by the kindhearted benefactors themselves, and it is needless to say that the benevolent instincts which led them to give the bazaar were delighted with what was seen at the Society's Shelter and office."

Mrs. Mortimer Clark will receive on Thursday of next week at Government House.

One of the few holiday teas this week was given by Mrs. Mark Scanlon and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, at Mrs. Scanlon's residence, 80 Bloor street west. Mr. and Mrs. Lee have been living with Mrs. Scanlon this season, but are, I hear, to be back in their own home very shortly. The hostesses received at the order to the drawing room, and the guests passed verandah to the dining room, where a glowing tea table centered with a forest of deep crimson roses and lit with deep red shaded candles, the whole touched with the rich green of Christmas wreathings, was waited upon by a bouquet of beauties, among whom Mrs. R. J. Christie shone supreme. This very lovely young matron, who has never conjugated the verb beauties, among whom Mrs. R. J. Christie shone supreme. This very lovely young matron, who has never conjugated the verb "s'exploiter," and consequently is always a new pleasure to her friends, wore a soft crepe de soie of white figured with black and a very smart cape collar of dotted net, made on ropes of shirred net. Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. Harry Beatty (Mrs. Christie's pretty sister), Mrs. Scanlon, Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Ross Gooderham were the assistants at this tea, where men were "taboo." A fairy mite, Mrs. Lee's little daughter, hugging her best doll, stood beside her grandmother, meeting the draughts from the opening hall door with perfect indifference and scanning the beautiful gowns and accepting the many endearments aing the heautiful gowns and accepting the many endearments as to the manner born." It was a very jolly tea, and some weet music from the cleverest and best of our harpists and his men floated down the stairway from time to time. A very his men hoated down the stairway from time to time. A very few of the guests were Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Jack Brodie, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. McIntyre, Mrs. Bruce, Mrs. Jack Brodie, Mrs. Mac-Intyre of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Mrs. Sterling Dean, Mrs. Maurice Taylor, Miss Taylor of Florsheim.

Miss Lillian Lee had a fall one day lately and injured her arm, suffering a good deal of pain, until consulting a physician she was told that a fractured bone needed looking after. So, for holiday time, the pretty little dark-eyed lady has her in-

One of the big cadets who always added a touch of extra brightness to his home at Christmas was not here for the festivities this year. Dr. Tyrrell's fine young son is now at Chatham Barracks, in Kent, England.

Mrs. Paul Krell cabled holiday greetings from Paris, where she was eating her Christmas dinner, en route to Cairo.

I was very much shocked and grieved to read the news of he tragic death of my good friend, Andrew Pattullo, in Lon-ion, England. Mr. Pattullo was one of the silent men whose silence meant so much to those who knew him, and who, when he was known, was "rarely liked and dearly prized." We never met without a sly quip, a good story, and a hearty chuckle being exchanged, nor was there a man in Canada whose good word and friendship was better worth having. That, in some moment of depression and overstrain, he went away unsummonsed is a curious coincidence with a paragraph which I have written on another page. Peace to his honest soul! for he was a man to be honored.

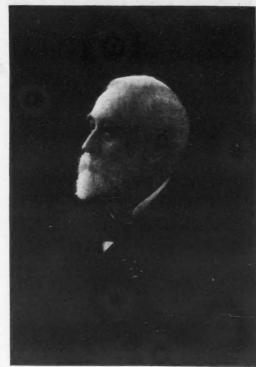
Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Brown of New York are holiday quests of Mr. and Mrs. Lennox, Elm Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker are stopping at the High-ands, Lexington avenue, New York. They left Toronto im-mediately after the announcement of their marriage in Buffalo on December 13. Mrs. Walker, formerly Miss Irene Somer-ville of Atherley, gave her friends no opportunity to bestow the usual cadeaux des noces or good wishes.

The last day of the week of luncheons and teas given by the Toronto chapters and individual members of the Daughters of the Empire was a record breaker. Two charming and beautiful young Jewish matrons, both daughters of well-known financiers in old London, were the chaperones, and took unusual pains to make their day worthy of its predecessors, in which they amply succeeded, almost everyone I have heard mention it being profuse in their praise. Christmas holly decorated the tables, and the beauties who tempted the no wise lagging appetites of their patrons with the sweet and wholesome fare provided so nicely at all the luncheons, wore sprays of holly. Mrs. Frank Benjamin and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel are true daughters of the Empire, English born, and the Order in Toronto is particularly proud of the success of their "day." I have been asking the ladies how much money they cleared for the week, and find it may be very near the thousand dollar mark.

Children's parties are the chief social engagements of pate dances were of the "real" sort (no pun intended), shottisches and reels being done in the style only possible to the Scot himsel'. It was a jolly impromptu for a jolly guest.

How many mince pies have you eaten? There are pies and pies and pizen pies, but for real, first-class, eatable and comfortable mince pies, there is a little woman out on the King-



Hundreds of the old boys of Upper Canada College will grieve to learn of the sudden death last Saturday of Professor George Belton Sparling, who for thirty years was mathematical master in that institution. After Dr. Parkin's departure, Professor Sparling acted as principal until the arrival of Dr. Auden. He was universally respected for his ability as instructor and loved for his gentle, manly character.

Alfred Wright, who was Katie Kennedy), to hear that he was not the victim of the murderous attentions of some of the natives in his far missionary travels. From the description sent of that unfortunate it was feared it might be Mr. Kennedy, but letters of later date have dispelled that fear.

Colonel and Mrs. Bruce gave a pleasant Christmas dinner at their home in Bleecker street. Colonel and Mrs. H. M. at their home in Bleecker street. Colonel and Mrs. H. M. Pellatt and their son held, as usual, their places at Mr. Pellatt's Christmas dinner at his home in Sherbourne street. Rev. Mr. Blackstock and Mrs. Blackstock, who took Carlton Lodge from Mrs. Joseph Macdougall, had a family party for Christmas day, of which they are the idols, as such a rarely fine old couple deserve to be.

I have received rather a cheeky little note from a person regarding a notice sent in last week. The notice in question I rescued from a muddle of bad English, worse spelling and generally quaint significance, and did my level best to put into concise and lucid sentences. I am asked if I think myself smart. Well. I do, rather, and if I could find the original it would be good fun to put it side by side with what did appear and leave the readers to reject the less sensible. Some screamers do meet my vision now and then, but we have a love of clarity and sancness on this paper.

The eighteen debutantes who dined at the King Edward The eighteen debutantes who dined at the King Edward as Saturday night with two married friends had a very jolly time, and made their own fun in the charming way of fresh wang inner Graid girls in their first season. At the very last severe cold, which on that zero night did not permit of her venturing out. Mrs. Dickson Patterson took her place at the dinner, as the most intimate friend of the hostess, and the girls had the pleasure of meeting an Englishwoman of rare dinner, as the most intimate friend of the hostess, and the girls had the pleasure of meeting an Englishwoman of rare talent and charm. The round table was done in white carnations, narcissi and ferns, in a crystal centerpiece, and on the reverse of each place card was found by the debutantes the name of a man, who was to be the partner in the game of cards in the banquet hall which was arranged after the little feast. Four prizes were competed for, and won with a good deal of merriment. Mr. Pigott, one of the guests, then sang and recited most delightfully to a very appreciative bevy who gathered round the grand piano in the beautiful and luxurious corridor. The orchestra below struck up a two-step and quick as thought the rugs in the banquet hall were rolled up and the young folks were dancing. When the orchestra stopped Miss Charlotte Phillips, who plays perfect dance music, sat down to the piano and the impromptud dance went on. It was as thought the rugs in the banquet hall were rolled up and the young folks were dancing. When the orchestra stopped Miss Charlotte Phillips, who plays perfect dance music, sat down to the piano and the impromptu dance went on. It was all very jolly, as the fathers and brothers remarked when they came in good time for the debutantes, and most of all enjoyed by the chaperones, who are very fond of "les jeunes filles." There are still half a dozen more girls coming out this season, I hear—one or two next week.

The Argonauts' dance in the Temple Building next Friday night promises to be "a corker," as Pawtucket would express it. The invitations are quite impressively smart, with a band of the famous light and dark blue diagonally across them, and the equally famous "Pull together" and quaint old vessel in the corner. "Bob" McKay and "Jim" Merrick are president and secretary-treasurer, and the dance is under the distinguished patronage of Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. Percy Galt, Mrs. Sweny of Rohallion, Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne, Mrs. Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidheimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidheimer of Glenedyth. heimer of Glenedyth, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. J. I. Davidson and Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto. The hour named on the cards is nine o'clock, by which time it will be unusual if

The "Thirteenth" of Hamilton gave a dance in the drill The "Thirteenth" of Hamilton gave a dance in the drill half on December 30th, too late for more than this mention, but it was sure to be a great affair. Why don't the Grenadiers, or the Q.O.R., or the Kilties give us some sort of a regimental dance here this season? One would think the pall of Colenso still hung over the soldiers since that blue evening in the old Pavilion when the disastrous news from South Africa put us all "on the limp," as a certain perfect waltzer aptly remarked.

"It's because the Colonel isn't a married man," said a woman. "We've not had a bachelor Colonel of Grenadiers ever since I can remember, until now. Do you suppose a Mrs. Colonel would not have had those assemblies on time, if only to dance with His Honor?" Now there was a very smart bachelor Colonel of Grenadiers less than a score of years ago, and under his rule was given the most utterly splendiferous ball of which the Grenadiers ever have been accused, on February 17th, 1887, in the time-honored Pavilion, and Colonel Grasett was still in lonely blessedness (?) at that time, though he had splendid help in arranging the ball from the first lady of the regiment, wife of the senior major. The officers sold no tickets, paid all the expenses and the ball is so far their record. Without emulation life has little interest, and I hope the glorious example of his bachelor predecessor will inspire Colonel Stimson, for if it doesn't, well, someone will have to marry him for love of the dancing set. "It's because the Colonel isn't a married man," said a w

Miss St. John of Buffalo has been a holiday guest of Mrs. Herbert Jarvis, formerly of Buffalo, and on Tuesday Mrs. Jarvis gave a telephone tea in her honor. Mrs. Hutchins, mother of the hostess, and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Jarvis, her

mother of the hostess, and Mrs. Boyd and Miss Jarvis, her sisters in law, were in charge of the pretty tea-table, glowing with Christmas decorations and good cheer. Miss Hamilton and Miss Stevens also assisted.

Mrs. Greville-Harston is having some of her older matron friends to tea next Friday afternoon. They are all glad to see Mrs. Greville-Harston able to entertain a bit, however quietly, after her long and wearisome seclusion through illness. The bright presence of Miss May Harston is sure to do her aunt very much good.

Mrs. J. A. Tuck (nee Notman) receives for the first time since her marriage at her new home. 604 Bathurst street, next

since her marriage at her new home, 604 Bathurst street, next Thursday and Friday afternoons, January 7th and 8th. Mr. and Miss Austin of "Spadina" sailed for England this

Wm. Stitt & Co.

Ladies' Tailors and Costumiers

### **NEW FALL GOODS**

Tweeds and Cloths for Tailor-Made Suits. Fancy Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Reception Gowns. MILLINERY-English, French and New York Pattern

GLOVES-Our Glove Department is well stocked with all the latest novelties. Men's and Boys' Gloves.

CORSETS-The La Grecque and Lattice Ribbon.

### PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

11 and 13 KING STREET EAST,

### The Strip Floor

we sell is made of selected oak one inch and three-quarters wide and three-eighths thick, run through a machine which makes it absolutely true and uniform and when laid is the most perfect plain hardwood floor possible. Ends square, therefore no waste. From this to the most elaborate pattern is our range. Write for catalogue and price list.

#### The ELLIOTT & SON 6. Interior Decorators

79 King Street West.

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We have one of the finest and largest cutting shops on the continent. As well as supplying the very best quality, we save you the American manufacturers' profit and the duty.

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Sun Burst Pleated Skirts

We make them properly

Knife, Accordion Pleating.

**Buttons** Covered to Match any Material

FEATHERBONE NOVELRY MFG.

CO., Limited 46 Richmond St. West TORONTO 16 Birks' Building

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From \$3.50 to \$15 a set

Call and see our new goods. RICE LEWIS & SON **TORONTO** 

this latest undertaking. Mr.

nti—with a large A. He is opposed
eigars, and even the ladylike eigarette.
ents of vice he will, if elected, doubtus war. But his campaign seems likely
Raney's pre-election pledges are to be
frags he can conquer his chief advertions he can conquer his chief advertions he can conquer his chief advertions appeared by the constant of the properties of the conclude the before it; for all the proprietor need do is "ite
long hid let the new Mayor's resigning time arrive. But Mr.
mey is not yet elected, and his platform is scarcely broad
enough to make a sure step to the Mayor's seat. As a matter
of fact Mr. Raney is a quitter and is not to be a candidate for
Mayor of Toronto Junction. It is these quitters who kill
things.

or Mayor of lished in the

en's famous pool says Mr. Raney

f qualified to fill it." mising. If other heroic candidates for the last

in view of the fact that ome so hackneyed, little im-this latest undertaking. Mr.

might have created

on. I will resign

of fact Mr. Raney is a quitter and is not to be a candidate for Mayor of Toronto Junction. It is these quitters who kill things.

It is not a pleasant prospect when doubts are thrown on our proprietorship of Hudson Bay. Naturally we think of the north as being our possessions. For generations we have had silly talk about Canada stretching up to the North Pole, and possibly in this way the Arctic zone has appeared to be a part of our inheritance. The delimitation of our Pacific boundary appears to have awakened a doubt as to whether Canada has any claim to anything that is not outlined by a fence. It is rather painful to have to sit and listen in silence to our Yankee neighbors claiming Hudson Bay because they have been pirating its waters for many years. It seems very much like my old friend's definition of Montana morals. He said that horse stealing had got so prevalent in Montana that it began to be regarded as a legitimate business. Horse stealing and whale stealing and canal stealing and the stealing of islands and sugar plantations and banana groves has got to be so largely an element of United States politics that we must be very careful in leaving even the most frozen region unprotected. If we are to have anything left after an argument with the United States we must have things as carefully labelled as baggage which is going through to Russia.

TIBET is centralizing the attention of British Imperialists. Presenting as it does a boundary facing on India and a possible highway for Russia, the land of mystery and religious exclusiveness becomes an important feature. Perhaps no part of the world is less known than this wintry clime where lakes and woods wear such strange hues. All of us who recall the geography lessons of youth know something about the Grand Llama who lives in some strange convent in the interior of Tibet and holds the life and fortunes of every subject in his hand. Suppecelly tributary to China, Tibet is an independent something which appears to have been dropped down in the system of crea

THE following letter, addressed to Mr. Duncan, who is a candidate for the Board of Education, explains itself:
"Wonders, they say, will never cease. Saturday when in town I learned you were out for one of the joint

"Wonders, they say, will never cease. Saturday suben in town I learned you were out for one of the joint superintendency of 'Lickens and Lessons.'

"As I hope soon to live in town, I shall have to send all our little boys and girls to school, so I may express just a wish or two in the matter. When you get in, see that there is more education. There ought to be more home work—say eight or nine hours' study, particularly for those under ten or twelve. My boys ought in addition to the obsolete three r's to learn German, Spanish, Norse, French, Arabic and Hindustani. Of course in the higher schools I shall expect them to become familiar with Sanserit, Japanese and the various dialects of China. In the common schools they will, of course, have to become quite familiar with a few of the "ologies,' say just theology, ethnology, biology, and only one or two more. Religion in the schools must not be neglected. Necessarily they must know the longer and shorter catechisms, the forty-nine articles, the Westminster Confession of Faith, and all the creeds (I don't enumerate them) by heart, with 'all such other things as a Christian ought to know and believe for his soul's health.'

"My girls' education must be simpler—three r's including use of the globes, trigonometry, astronomy and astrology—dancing of all kinds high kicking bergel."

"My girls' education must be simpler—three i's including use of the globes, trigonometry, astronomy and astrology—dancing of all kinds, high kicking barred; nursing, wet and dry; care of infants, music in all its branches, Welsh harp. Jews' harp of course, no pianos, but drums, major, minor or kettle instead; tatting, embroidery, painting on plates, tins, or stove lids, and all other needful accomplishments. "See that all corporal punishment is abolished; it brutalizes the teachers and does little good to the scholars. It may make a dull pupil smart, but the smartness does not get into the head. Get a school thrashing machine at some central place for the would-be incorrigibles, and until such a machine as suits is brought out, hire F. S. Spence for the job."

#### Social and Personal.

A very much welcomed visitor whom I saw at one of the "Empire" luncheons was Mr. Fred Campbell of Sherbrooke, who was greeted with great pleasure by many old Toronto friends. He is looking in fine shape and as an advertisement for a matrimonial agency his happy good spirits would be a great inducement. Miss Blaikie, one of the smartest waitresses at the luncheons, went down to Sherbrooke for a short visit, where I hear a jolly house party is on. Mr. and Mrs. George Blaikie of Rosedale have Mr. and Mrs. Coates of Ottawa, parents of Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. Fred Campbell, up on a visit here.

Miss Dickson is on her way from England to visit her sis ter, Mrs. Wyly Grier.

A nice Christmas gift of the good stork, who sometimes puts old Santa out of business, was a little son and heir to Mr. and Mrs. Bowen in England. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh has been visiting her daughter and welcomed the grandson who arrived on the holy day.

The Engineers, smart and saucy, are having the "only military dance of the year. "Up and at them," Grenadiers

On Monday evening a very merry reunion was given to a few congenial friends by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith in honor of Mr. Burns, who was passing through Toronto. I am told the fun was of the Scottish flavor, and that's ill to beat. The dances were of the "real" sort (no pun intended), schottisches and reels being done in the style only possible to the Scothimsel'. It was a jolly impromptu for a jolly guest.

A Teacher of The Old School.

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Established 1864.

Rugs

Fancy Checks, Plaids and Stripes, \$3.00

In Scottish Clan and Family Tartans.

Italian Rugs, handsome striped colorings,

for lounge, cosy corner or den draping, 75c. to \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00.

Wraps and

Shawls

Heavy Wrap Shawls, \$2.50 to \$20.00.

Real Shetland Shawls, \$1.50 to \$11.00.

Orenburg (Imitation Shetland) Shawls,

Fancy Knit Honeycomb Shawls, 60c. to

Chudda and Cashmere Shawls, \$1.75 to

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King Street-opposite the Post-Offica TORONTO

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Than the . . . Eleven Gored

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The Skirt Specialty Co.

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A Happy New ICAT 10 UUF Many Palrons

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English Chop House

30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates

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Distinguished by its beautiful lines

Knit Silk Shawls, \$3.00 to \$4.00.

Shetland Wool Spencers, \$1.00.

THERE IS NOTHING

\$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$9.00.

ONTO.

TORONTO ES IN

ONS CO.

ER

JFZ16

to purchase. We're showing some very special values for the holiday week in ladies' furlined cloaks, suitable for the street as well as even-

Visitors to the city for the

holiday week are quite

welcome to look through

our spacious fur showrooms with no obligation

ing wear. Other lines, equally good value,



#### Social and Personal.

Traveling As a set-off to the perverted truism that "many are called, but few get up," is the amusing little way a clever hostess acquaints me with the fact that her "tea" is to be a small one. "There is no party," writes she. "Many have called, but few can be chosen."

called, but few can be chosen."

The Christmas festivities of last week were not of a very startling nature. No snow and plenty of mud made the usual raid on the shops a rather grimy proceeding. True, it cleared up very pretily for the great day, and the usual dinners, either early for the mixed family party, or late for the older contingent, took place with more or less hilarity. Several very pretty little dinners, where the good host and hostess remembered the "homeless" who board or "cuddle doon" in some tiny "apartment," or where two or more "unblessed" couples dined contentedly together with a stray friend or two, were the serious business of the evening before a laugh at the "Earl of Pawtucket" or a jolly dance in some spacious and gracious home.

Dr. and Mrs. J. E. Elliott have removed to 69 Bloor east, where Mrs. Elliott will receive on every Monday in this month. A thorough renovation and the "artist touch" have made her a

Miss Kingsmill had a jolly dinner and after-dinner party, to whom she was a delightful hostess. The usual family gathering and beautiful dinner at Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn's was non est, although a couple of friends came in to make a partie carree, where usually 'the splendid mahogany reflects a score or more of bright faces on Christmas night. Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn have both been on the sick list this Christmas. The event of Christmas night was Lady Kirkpatrick's after-dinner dance, to which people came in about ten and later. Closeburn was radiant with flowers, glowing with many lights, and the ideal spot in which to round off a happy Christmas. The drawing-room carpet was covered with linen, beautifully stretched, and forming a fine dancing floor. In the dining-room a brilliant buffet was set, and everywhere fun reigned supreme. Once again and for the last time this season did the lady of Closeburn receive the assurance of her guests that when she decides to be hostess she is facile princeps. Everyone missed the charming family group from Rosedale House, and the gallantries of Mr. Ridout, whom the young set adore and their elders never find wanting in courtly attentions. It is fair betting that the thoughts of the exiles met these regrets halfway, and that they were in spirit at Closeburn some time during the evening. The gaieties wound up about one o'clock, with Sir Roger de Coverley danced "con amore" by young and—younger. Miss Kingsmill had a jolly dinner and

by young and-younger Mr. Eric Kirkpatrick looks very well in his scarlet coat, and is one of the tallest "minors" Toronto has ever owned. A very smart cadet from R.M.C. is Mr. Victor Nordheimer, who came with his father and silver the presence of frills and furbelows at their dances, but certainly some of the young fellows dance together with the grace of long custom. At one of the holiday dances their dancing "en garcon" was much admired, the "girl" cadet bending confidingly towards his "boy" partner in a very killing manner.

Several holiday teas were on yester-day, one particularly nice one in Spot-less Town, and others not very far away. His Honor held the usual reception for men at Government House, and shoals of callers turned up.

Mrs. Downes (nee Stout) will receive for the first time since her marriage this (Saturday) afternoon, from 3.30 to 6.30, at Iver Holm, 74 St. George street. Mr. and Mrs. Stout are very cosily settled at the Queen's this winter, and had a most happy family party for dinner there on Christmas Day. Mrs. Brennan of Hamilton (nee Stout) and her lovely little baby girl were down for the holiday, Mr. Brennan remaining with his mother, whose health is not good just now. To those who know the family of Mr. and Mrs. Stout their beauty dinner of Christmas will be an ideal festivity. of Christmas will be an ideal festivity.

Mrs. A. A. Macdonald (nee Beard

more), who has found the climate of Toronto so trying as practically to hold her a prisoner all winter, is leaving to spend the winter in the South of France, and with her are going the children of Mr. Alfred Beardmore. Although Mrs. Macdonald's absence will be regretted by her people and friends, it will be a comfort to know that her enjoyment of outdoor life will not be restricted as heretofore, and all wish her hearthy a very pleasant sojourn in the mild and charming locality which marks her "journey's end."

As "Saturday Night" went to press a day earlier than usual this and last week, on account of Friday being a holiday both weeks, several items were too late for insertion. I note this in explanation of omissions last week, which will probably have counterparts this week.

Sir William and Lady Mulock had family party on Christmas Day. Mr and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock are now set tled in their residence next door, an Mrs. Cawthra Mulock will receive thi Mrs. Cawthra Mulock will receive this month. As the little lady has been suffering from grippe, she may not be well enough on next Monday to stand the fatigue of a bridal reception. Mrs. Mulock, I believe, intended to receive on New Year's Day, when her many men friends would have a chance all to themselves to wish her happiness in her new home.

Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge had their usual family dinner on Christmas Day. Old Santa found stockings te fill in this delightful home, where all the Yuletide traditions prevail.

Mr. William Burritt was greeted by many old friends when he deserted Sud bury to spend Christmas in his brother's charming home in Rosedale. The A. P. Burritts and Mr. W. Burritt were of the Burritts and Mr. W. Burritt were of the jolly party at Closeburn on Christmas night. Miss Bessie Macdonald came on also from her Christmas dinner with her mother, at Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald's; the Misses Mortimer Clark from Government House, Mrs. Buchan and Captain McMillan from Stanley Barracks, Mr. Mann and Miss Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne, Major and Mrs. Annie Michie, Major and Mrs. Victor Williams, Miss Ida Homer-Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Alexis Kirkpatrick, Miss Kirkpatrick of Coolmine, Mrs. and Miss Spragge, Miss Mary, Davidson, Miss Falconbridge, Messrs, Law, Dr. Smith and Spriage, Miss Anty Davisson, Miss rate conbridge, Messrs. Law, Dr. Smith and Dr. Macdougall, Mr. Howland, C.M.G. Mr. Blackstock, Mr. Monck, Mr. Pigott, Mr. Victor Heron and Mr. Harlo Flem-

Mrs. Webb of Inglewold is giving a dance next Friday, I understand for her daughter's coming-out.

Mrs. Logan's dance for Miss Olive coming-out takes place next Wednesday evening, in St. George's Hall.

Dr. James McLeod came home from Buffalo for Christmas, leaving his patients in charge of his brother, Dr. Norman McLeod, who is on one of the hospital staffs in that city. Dr. McLeod Year's week, and Mr. Charles McLeod was also home for the holidays.

Dr. James Patterson came on from Buffalo for Christmas with his mother and relatives. Mrs. Patterson is now getting better.

The Argonauts' dance in the Temple hallroom will be a very smart affair of next Friday night. The men have spared no pains to make it a really enovable evening.

The Finding of Moses.

In response to J. B.'s request for the words of an old Irish ballad describing the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, a number of friends have kindly come to our assistance. Most of the versions sent are taken from old scrapbooks of five and twenty years ago, and no two are exactly the same. One correspondent says the author was "Michael Moran, one of the last of the street minstrels of Dublin;" another alludes to him simply as "an odd old character in Dublin over fifty years ago, who composed other quaint and amusing lines." Here is what seems to be the best version:

"On Agypt's banks contagious to the Noile

A TRIBUTE TO YE DEAR DEAD ONES.

When merry fires are dancing and merry

cheeks aglow.
When laughing eyes proclaim the prize
Beneath the mistletoe
A hush—a passing silence—
A shadow drifteth low
The plaintive, shadow greeting of the
folk beneath the snow.

And some, their place is empty; and some their place is filled.

And many a light burns dim to-night
And many a hope is chilled,

For they were warm and living And loved this dear life so, And can they hear our greeting—

Let Auld Lang Syne ring louder

beneath the snow?





for doubt as to the use fulness of Malt Extrac diseases, provided you use Malt Extract, carefully and honestly made from Barley Malt. Your Doctor will tell you O'Keefe's Liquid Extract of Malt is the best, for he knows how it is made and what it is made from.

If you need Malt Extract and want the best.

usist upon getting 'O'Keefe's." OD, Wholesale Druggist, TORONTO

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ANDREW JEFFREY, Yonge and Carleton Streets.

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Duplicate Whist Boards. Bridge Scoring Blocks. Bridge Sets. Cribbage Sets. New Designs of Playing Cards.

Narrow Whist Cards, etc., etc., etc. Special Rates to Clubs

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Our hours for business from now on will be between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. This departure will give our staff the "eight hour day," with, we believe, advantageous results to all. We ask your co-operation.

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Our business principles!

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### SPECIALLY SELECTED STOCK OF XMAS STATIONERY

XMAS NOVELTIES XMAS BOOKS CALENDARS AND CARDS

E. PORTER 47 KING STREET WEST WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

King Pharaoh's daughter wint to bathe She tuk her bath, thin walked upon the and,
And to dry her Royal Pelt she ran along
the strand.
Tripped by a bulrush, lookin' down she

A smiling 'babby' on a wad of straw.
Thin to her Royal Maids she cried in accints woild,
'Tare an' Ages, Gurls—which of yes owns the choild?'"

One version has these additional lines Tis none of yours, you're moighty quick to say, And true it is—I've known you many a day.



A Peric Cup of Chocolate

A Ladies' Drink

Arthur P. Tippet &

AZUREA YANKY CLOVER BLUE LILIES CYTISE VIOLET DU CZAR IBERIS VIOLET DU CZAR
IBERIS
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AMBRE ROYAL
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JICKY W.H. LEE U

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B. & H. B. KENT The Leading Canadian Diamond Merchants? 144 Yonge Street,

Toronto



"LION" Series of Steel Pens Made in a variety of styles to suit al

progressive enough to handle this best of all brands, send 10c. for sample of each style to the selling

The Barber & Ellis Co., Limited,

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The Corset Specialty Co. 112 Yonge St. Toronto.

1st Floor over Singer Office.



Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable bon-ing. Hose supporters attached attached.

Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

The children were watching the stars come out. Suddenly a meteor trailed a line of light across the sky. "See," said Baby Tot, "God's frowed away the match." By all manes let us christen him 'Howly Moses,' "-New York "Sun." "God's frowed away the



The Pember Store 127-129 Yonge Street



Wishes His Numerous

Patrons and the Public In General

## A Happy New Year

Our past year has been a Record Breaker with us in the sale of HAIR GOODS, and gives us the greatest satisfaction that the claim we make of the periority and quality of our styles Ladies' and Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Switches, etc., have

than we expected. We start the New Year by giving arge reductions during our Stocktaking, which is in the first week in

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Telephone Main 1551

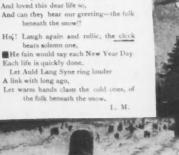
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L! A. STACKHOUSE

MANICURING and CHIRGPODY ladies, gentlemen and children. Corus, but rowing nails, and all foot troubles successful Telephone for appointment Main risks ISE KING ST. WEST (Opposite Princess Thesie





# An Old-Time New Year in Scotch Canada.

BY JOHN STUART BUCHAN.

seii, Jamie, but, man, e'er gled, the new year's na two meen-tes auld."

Jamie Soutar lived at the extreme end of a long, straggling settlement which extended for about three miles through Jamie Soutar lived at the extreme end of a long, traggling settlement which extended for about three miles through what in the early fifties was a part of the Canadian backwoods. Jamie and a number of his neighbors had left their homes in Scotland to make their way in the new world; and with others on the same errand bent, with whom they had ample time to become well accurated on the emigrant ship during its long voyage of over three months between Greenock and Quebec, they had goe into the wilderness, each "taking of the control of the regulation lots of land, or, more fortunate than others, some being able to purchase one or more lots, with their improvements, from some earlier settler whose courage had failed him.

They had but little experience to help them; they knew nothing of either wood-craft or farming; they endured priva-tions which now would be deemed im-possible even in the wildest parts of the country; but they persevered with a steady cheerfulness, and each year saw the little clearing at the side of the strip of corduroy which did duty as a highway grow larger, their log-built houses more comfortable, and their lot

more endurable.

But while they were thus engaged in fierce struggle, almost for existence, they never forgot the land they had left behind them; it was still "home" to them, and remained so to generations of their descendants. They had brought with them the beliefs, the superstitions, and the customs, some of them good and some otherwise, of the Old Country. Still, it may well be the case that these things, however objectionable they may appear to us in these days, helped them in no small measure to continue the struggle in the face of almost insuperable difficulties.

Of the customs which doubtless helped

greater part lay in his generous hospitality and readmess to help his friends, who, it is needless to say, were many. But the occasion must be properly celebrated, and so, accompanied by Dugald, who had furnished himself with a double arrange of "neurolecter and the property of the pro cand, who had furnished himself with a flouble supply of "usquabae the mak up for Tam Anerson." as he explained, they went on their way to the next neighbor, where much the same greetings were exchanged, and refreshments partaken of;

where much the same greetings were exchanged, and refreshments partaken of then onward to the next, accompanied in each case by the last, until at the ond of the settlement they reached "the big hoose," where dwelt Tam Anerson.

Tam was not a favorite. He was mall of stature, with what his neighbors described as a "weasened" face, and an eager, restless manner which led some of these same neighbors to compare him to a rai ranning hither and thither trying to pick up something of value. Tam had lived, up to the last year, in the worst house in the settlement, and his miserly instincts not only stood in the way of doing his neighbors a good turn when the opportunity of fered, but led him to keep even his own family on a very short allowance of the ordinary comforts of life. Four years

GUDE New Year tae ye, Sandy, an' tae the gude wife an' the bairns."

"An' mony a ane to yerself, Jamie, but, man, the new year's na two meen utan lived at the extreme end Araggling settlement which years lare, with his resources exhaustived at the extreme that would have been considered luxurious even in the Old Country. Two years later, with his resources exhausted, he was glad to sell it, with all the furnishings, to Tam Anerson for a tithe of its value.

Tam was a vain man, and his ambiguity of the second was a vain man, and his ambiguity of the legical was a wain man, and his ambiguity of the legical was a wain man.

Tam was a vain man, and his ambition was now to be looked upon by his neighbors as the "baillie," or the acknowledged head of the settlement, but his miserly instincts, through which he fell even to the depth of watering the whiskey which he offered them, a capital offence in Dugald's eyes, earned for him their contempt and even ill-will.

But New Year's leveled all, and at length the whole "o' the men folk" of the settlement were gathered in the "big hoose," about five o'clock of the New Year's morning.

the settlement were gathered in the big hoose," about five o'clock of the New Year's morning.

Tam Anerson, arrayed in his Sunday "blacks," was seated in a capacious armchair when his visitors arrived. On the table before him were some of the decanters which, in the days of the unfortunate Englishman, were filled with costly wines, but now contained a modieum of whiskey and a great deal of water. Being the first New Year since he had come into possession of the "big hoose," he had it in his mind to make the occasion the starting point in the new relations he proposed to establish between himself and his neighbors. Rising from his chair somewhat unsteadily, for he had partaken during the night of a private supply of whiskey which contained much less water than that provided for his neighbors, he began a set speech which had cost him a great deal of thought.

"Va freens," he began, "it's verra kind."

which had cost him a great deal of thought.

"Ma freens," he began, "it's verra kind o' ye tae come in to show ye'er respect an' ye'er appreciation o' my posection."

"Hoot, awa wi' ye'er havers," cried Jamie Soutar; "it's the New Year, an' no ye'er posection ava that's brocht us. Let's hae a drappie on it."

So Tam's speech was cut short, and he proceeded to treat his guests to the diluted refreshments, which, however, met with small favor.

"She'el pe thinkin' it wass a fery great peety to haf tae drink so fery anch watter, for ta leetle whiskey tat ass in it," was Dugald's comment when

sass in it," was Dugald's comment when they had tasted of it, and to take away the ill taste it was unanimously voted that they try some of their own provid

that they try some of their own providing.

Tam made divers attempts to get off his speech, but without avail, and with each interruption there was a fresh recourse to one supply of whiskey. At nine o'clock of that New Year's morning Tam Anerson was seated in his big gald McTavish was dancing the fice and fling," Sandy McDonald was challenging all and sundry to a disputation on the question of predestination, Jamie Soutar was in a corner singing "John Anderson," My Jo John," two others were fighting, and the rest of them were asleep.

Thus was the advent of the New Year celebrated, and the event for many that have a steep and all their generation have long since passed away, and their children's children's

Inmic was provided with a substantial ottle of whiskey, and his good wishes or his neighbor were sealed by a liberal sate of it. Thus fortified, Jamie and sandy, who was similarly munitioned, et out for the house of Dugald McTavish, their next neighbor.

Dugald was a Highlander, full of Celic fire, and already partially full of whiskey when Jamie and Sandy entered he house without the ceremony of church the lights shine out, and within are the people assembled with bowed head and bended knee, giving thanks for the blessings of the old year, and making supplications for the new; then, as the bells ring out the tidings that the new year has come, with grateful thoughts for the past and with hope for the future, their voices rise in the grand Doxology, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

#### A Royal Rascal.

An Up-to-Date Account of Wicked King John.

OHN was not a successful king.

The first thing that he did on coming to the throne was to have a go at the bishops. If we had been King of England at that period we should have hastened to toe the line with our glorious ancestry and to invite the bishops to step into the ring and put 'em up.

invite the bishops to step into the ring and put 'em up.

When people, however, look back along the dim vista of time, and think harsh and bitter things of John, there comes a moment when their strong voices break with emotion, and the unbidden tear begins to well up in their flashing eyes. For then they are thinking with moist gratitude of the Magna Charta, which gave to our great country its blessed title of freedom, and permitted common, ordinary people like you and ourselves to live.

The Magna Charta was signed in the year 1215 on Easter Monday. As there

ed round him quite rudely. John thought at first that it was only his barons' enthusiastic desire to give him a cordial welcome, until he found that his watch and chain and his diamond scarf-pin had got mislaid in the scuffle. John tried several ways of escaping the signing of the Charter. At first he said he had hit his thumb with the hammer while hanging up framed texts in the bedroom at home, and therefore couldn't hold a pen. When he found that didn't go down he tried to stand on his dignity. In order to convince the barons that he didn't care tuppence for the lot of them he put his hands in his pockets and kicked his dog in the stomach just to show his independence. Neither of these brilliant schemes pockets and kicked his dog in the stomach just to show his independence. Neither of these brilliant schemes worked, however. One of the barons pushed John from behind, while Fitz-Walter, the Pride of Bermondsey, bumped quite rudely into the King, and then apologized by saving that he had tripped up over himself accidentally.

After a lot of hard words had passed on both sides, the barons gave John to understand definitely that if he didn't sign the thing there would be a rather untidy scene. Seeing that he was cornered, John said a naughty word, and signed on, and thus gave us the priceless liberties which our forefathers bled to maintain.

to maintain.

to maintain.

As soon as John returned to London, his first business was to try and get a bit of his own back, as the poet has so beautifully expressed it. Agents were sent to the Continent to hire mercenaries, who were offered an engagement for two months certain, with the usual extra for matinees. In this way John collected quite an army, and he chased his barons up to Scotland, and on the way there he burnt all the villages and haystacks he came across. Some of the way there he burnt all the villages and haystacks he came across. Some of the inhabitants as they were being suspended by the heels over slow fires, were quite surprised to learn that all this red trouble was the first result of the Great Charter for securing to the people of England their priceless liberty. Many of them said at the time that they would rather be without the Charter, and scoop in what liberty they could for them-

rather be without the Charter, and scoop in what liberty they could for themselves with a pitchfork or a pole-axe as they used to in the old days.

While John was rushing about the kingdom, it happened that he had to cross the Wash, in Lincolnshire. During the crossing the tide reared up on its hind legs and went for the transport ships and upset everything. John and his second wife escaped by wading ashore, but all their trunks and brownpaner parcels containing the crown jewashore, but all their trunks and brownpaper parcels containing the crown jewels and the week's housekeeping money
were swept away into the cold and
soughing sea. This loss upset John so
much that he turned into the nearest
convent and cried like a child. A few
days after that he got feverish and died,
and the historians are not quite sure
whether he passed away in consequence
or grief or whether somebody poisoned

And yet there is a sect or cuit—a sort of offshoot of the Christian Scientists—which claims to desire and to expect to live forever on earth in the same

decrepit, but to arrest the depositing of salts in the tissues, and to keep the blood and the eyes and the brain as full of fire and ginger throughout long centuries as in childhood.

But alack! One of the high priests

of the new cult is growing perceptibly balder from day to day, and has taken to wearing spectacles, while the heads of two others I know of are getting whiter and their faces fuller of wrinkles

of two others I know of are getting whiter and their faces fuller of wrinkles from year to year.

Remorseless old Father Time seems to be sowing and reaping with them just the same as with mortals of common clay; but does that dampen the entuisiasm of these befleshed "Immortals"? Not a bit of it. They are as cheerful, while tottering forward into the arms of the grim Reaper (whom they confidently expect to dodge) as though the clocks of their lives differed from the timepieces of all other animated beings, and were actually running backward!

There are two objections to Immortality of the Flesh, which, one would suppose, might impress the reason of the followers of the new cult.

Firstly, of all the countless billions of human beings who have been born to earth since the days of the Cave Man (some of them men of marvellous wisdom, insight and will power, and most of them just as much afraid to die as the members of the new cult are), not one has acquired "immortality of the body."

one has acquired "immortality of the

It would, to a man up a sycamore, seem reasonable to suppose that if the thing were possible it would have been done already, now and then. But none of us has had the felicity of shaking hands with any elderly gentleman who has brought the same old body down from the olden days of the hairy mammoth and the saber-toothed cave tiger. Secondly, it is undesirable. Not only would it, in the course of the ages, overpopulate the earth with a lot of woozy old patriarchs and patriarchesses (unless child-murder became more fashion-



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able than it is at present), but the deadly monotony of living out a whole string of millennia on this little molehill of an earth, with all the rest of the majestic star-worlds still unexplored, would fill progressive people with such ennui that they would be tempted to commit hari-kari to escape its treadmill

commit hari-kari to escape its treadmill horrors.

Fear of the future poisons the present. And this same borrowed fear is the father of every religious system that ever dominated a people since the dawn of time. There is no wise fear. It is all wrapped in the cloak of ignorance, and men need not be expected to step out from under its dark folds until the world is as old as the moon. But those who hold to the faith that they can forever keep their bodies from dying forever keep their bodies from dying tell us that their present is not poisoned; that, on the contrary, they must keep cheerful and healthy or lose their grip on their precious bones and muscles. Good, but meantime Reason seems to be taking a back seat, and other trouble waits just around the corner. Death and the fear of death will freeze their and the fear of death will freeze their precious blood muy pronto, as the Spaniards say, and their disillusionment then will be poison enough for one life.

But, after all, those who attempt to attain Physical Immortality are doing their processing and the process of the proc

themselves a great service, which goes far to offset the jolt they are giving to their reason. In order that they may keep their physical machinery in good running order until the trump of Ga-briel or the wheels of some passing running order until the trump of Gabriel or the wheels of some passing street car summon them elsewhere, they recognize the necessity of taking physical culture, of abandoning worry, of bathing and eating the right kind of food. The law of compensation operates throughout all nature and in all the absurd creeds and fads of men; and so here is where the law of compensation gets in its excellent work. The good people who are grasping after the moon in the shape of eternal flesh-and-blood life will at least, through this regimen, have sounder bodies and more cheerful dispositions; so let's smile, and thank our friends, the crank bell-wethers, for this large service to mankind.—Grant Wallace in San Francisco "Bulletin."

#### From Skiff to Flat.

LL the way from the East the singing wires tingle as they tell us that "Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and his wife are about to take up their residence in a New York flat." At first the news comes were use with sewething of a shock. A New York flat." At first the news comes rpon us with something of a shock. A Vanderbilt in a flat! But, on reflection, why not? The first of the Vanderbilts—Cornelius, of that ilk—lived in an abode far inferior to a flat; that Cornelius who for a modest fee used to carry passengers from New York to Staten Island in a skiff sculled by his good right arm. But times have changed since then. Like the haughty prince of the elder times in France who said, "Roy ne puis, prince je daigne, Ronan suis," so Cornelius's scion may say, "Noble, nit; Astor, not; Vanderbilt I am." From the Vanderbilt skiff to the Vanderbilt fat is the measure of three New York generations. sure of three New York generations.
"flat" was so unushar that the town,
"French Flats," excited much curiosity
there as to what the term might mean;

there as to what the term might mean; hence for a long time that phrase, "French Flats," was applied to what are now denominated by the shorter term.

Your Briton, by the way, is not utterly unused to the idea of living in flats or apartments. In his youth the average bencher has dwelt in chambers, as did Pendennis when he flirted with Fanny and generally played the platonic part of a mild Don Juan. Furthermore, without intending to wound the British part of a mild Don Juan. Furthermore, without intending to wound the British aristocracy, we may say that a good many of them hark back for their moncy to the counter and the till. It came to them by the distaff side—in short, they married it. Sometimes the bride was the daughter of a wealthy brewer, sometimes of a Manchester cotton- spinner, sometimes a rich shop-keeper. In Britain there are cotton, malt and liquor lerds: the Lords Ardilaun base their title on Dublin porter and stout. England's peers even have come to America to get money, and have not hesitated to wed the daugaters of common persoleum magnates, of base-born slaughtershouse millipraise. ter-house millionaires. Therefore, the British subject of to-day, whether noble or commoner, should not be startled at the idea of living over a shop; more than one may reflect that his great-great-grandfather so lived when he used to stand at the shop door in his 'prentice's apron shouting, "What d'ye lack?"

—The "Argonaut."

### Women on The Street Cars.

HERE is a type of well-dressed woman who has the trick of blocking the passage that one sees constantly on the Sixth avenue lines. She is generally young, good-looking and well dressed—not quite a lady, though it is difficult to tell just why one comes to that conclusion. Perhaps her hat is a trifle too big, the heels of her shoes, which her carefully lifted dress reveals, a fraction too high. She sometimes wears a bow of tulle under her chin of a remarkable circumference, or carries a gold-link purse with a sprawling monogram in diamonds.

She comes rustling in, spreading a faint whiff of some very choice French perfume, takes a strap by the door, and stands gracefully suspended. The car is taking on homeward-bound women at every corner. They enter, find it difficult to pass her, and begin to congest in a mass in the door, so that the passengers inside cannot get out. Then the conductor begins yelling at them to go farther up. Sometimes he is pleading, sometimes authoritative—"Ladies, will you please move forward?" or "Get up front, get up front, there!"

Instantly the reasonable ones detach themselves from the mass and move up. Some more shouting on his part drives the rest reluctantly forward toward the empty end of the car. But the lady with the high heels will not stir, and every entering passenger jams against her as a stick does against a rock in a running current.

Another type of woman who creates

her as a stick does against a rock in a running current.

Another type of woman who creates have in a crowded car is the helpless one, who is aggrieved and exasperated, and won't take hold of the strap. She comes stumbling in, covered with overwhelming furs, her long dress held half up, a jeweled purse depending from her wrist. There is no seat for her, and she stands looking round in hurt surprise.

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Then the car starts, and the scene of carnage begins.

Then the ear starts, and the scene of carnage begins.

There are no cars anywhere that jerk as some of the New York electric lines do. The first jump sends the newcomer violently forward. She caroms against the woman who has a nickel in her mouth, and the woman gives a cry of anguish, and the nickel falls on the floor under a dozen skirts, where no one can ever find it. The car gives a second jerk, and she is hurled backward against the thin, ill-tempered woman, whose hands are full of parcels. The impact of her rebounding body would send them all flat on their backs, but they are squeezed so close they can only sway this way and that

of ner rebounding body would send them all that on their backs, but they are squeezed so close they can only sway this way and that.

There is something peculiarly irritating about the good-natured woman who carries parcels. She is not a gorgeous, before, or the state of the same and hat on one side of her head, and has only one glove on. Her ungloved hand is red and chapped, with stubby nails, not always clean, and a worn wedding ring on her third finger. She carries a great many small parcels, some of which are coming out of their wrappings, has a little purse gripped in one palm, the unworn glove held between two fingers, a very dirty handkerchief stuffed in between the parcels, and a muff held against her side up under one arm.

She comes in with a violent rush, grinning from ear to ear. She is precipitated into a mass of passengers, grabs the nearest woman, holds her tight, laughing stridently. "Rough, ain't it?" she remarks in a sociable way, then tries to open her purse, and things begin to fall—the handkerchief on the lap of the woman near her; two apples burst from a bag she is holding under her elbow, and roll away; the muff disappears under a man's feet, who has to dive into darkness for it. Someone near her remarks. "You're losing your comb," to which she answers, "I always am."

Then she puts up a searching hand, and at that minute the ear gives a terrific jerk, and sends her, helplessly laughing, on to the lap of a man who is seadately reading the morning paper. The paper is torn away by her sudden introduction into his arms, and the rest of the parcels are scattered over him. She gets up, fairly sputtering with laughter, her hat on one get her with a content of the parcels are scattered over him. She gets up, fairly sputtering with laughter, her hat on one get her with a content of the parcels are scattered over him. She gets up, fairly sputtering with laughter, her hat one one get her with a content of the parcels are scattered over him. She

the parcels are scattered over him. She gets up, fairly sputtering with laughter, her hat on one ear, her comb dropping out. The man, scarlet and embarrassed, tries to take up the paper again. The passengers roar, even the conductor gives a sour smile, and the woman, joyously grinning, says: "It ain't no picnic goin' up town at this time."

GERALDINE BONNER.

### Knows Now

Doctor Was Fooled by His Own Case for a Time.

It's easy to understand how ordinary people get fooled by coffee when doctors themselves sometimes forget the facts. A physician speaks of his own experi-ence:

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ing me, although I had palpitation of the heart every day.

"Finally one day a severe and almost fatal attack of heart trouble frightened me and I gave up both tea and coffee, using Postum instead, and since that time I have had absolutely no heart palpitation except on one or two occasions, when I tried a small quantity of coffee, which caused severe irritation and proved to me I must let it alone. "When we began using Postum it seemed weak—that was because we did not make it according to directions—but now we put a little bit of butter in the pot when boiling and allow the Postum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep

tum to boil full 15 minutes, which gives it the proper rich flavor and the deep brown color.

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will obtain the desired results. Secure these three requisites of facial beauty by the free use of THACKER'S CREME VELOUTTEE, the great FLESH FOOD.

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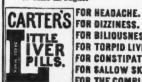
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On Sunday evening, Dec. 20, Rev. J. T. Sunderland gave the third sermon in his series on "Great Public Questions," the subject being "The Vice of Gambling: What to Do About It." He took as

What to Do About It." He took as texts the eighth and tenth commandments of the Decalogue: "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not covet," speaking in part as follows: Gamoung has long been in the world, and it is widespread to-day. Everywhere thoughtful and intelligent men have recognized it as an evil. There is hardly any nation that has not passed laws against it; but whether these laws have been effective or not has generally deegames it; but whether these laws have been effective or not has generally de-secople. It might be supposed that in-ellectual culture would prevent it; but his does not seem to be the case. The nerease of weatta appears actually to loster it. The only thing that proves really to have power permanently to check it is morality, the moral develop-

check it is morality, the moral development of peoples.

What is gambling? It is an attempt, by means of some process involving more or less of chance, to get money or some other stake for which one does lot render an equivalent. In other words, it is an attempt to get something for nothing. In legitimate business whatever a man gets he pays for. An honest business transaction between two men leaves both parties benefited. But in gambling it is not so. Here if one gains the other loses, and as much as the other gains and because he gains. This is robbery. The one who wins robs the other. But the other is also a robber in spirit, for he would have robbed if he could.

the other is also a robber in spirit, for he would have robbed if he could.

One form of gambling which was widely prevalent a hundred years ago is now almost wholly eliminated from Protestant Europe and America. I refer to the lottery. The success that has been attained here gives reason for encouragement in the struggle against gambling as a whole. The most common form of gambling is with cards. Of course, cardplaying itself is harmless; but the fact that it is almost universally associated with gambling makes it an amusement that is not without peril. Perhaps no other amusement leads into so much temptation. This is the reason why ramy people who are by no means narrow or puritanical in their feelings object to card-playing. This is the reason why some churches forbid it among their members. Certainly if one does play cards a reasonable rule to make, and to hold to with absolute strictness, is that one will never play for any stake, no matter how small. Betting in every form should be frowned on. Gambling is a foc to true athletics. If I bet on one team in a baseball match, from that moment my interest is not to have the best side win, but to have that side win on which I have put my money.

The influence of gambling in all its forms is evil upon those who engage in it, upon society and upon business. It tends to produce a distinct and rapid deterioration of character in all who have to do with it.

A clerk in a store, a bookkeeper or

tends to produce a distinct and rapid deterioration of character in all who have to do with it.

A clerk in a store, a bookkeeper or cashier in a bank, anyone who handles the money of other persons, can no longer be trusted if he gets into the habit of gambling or betting. This has been roved a thousand times over. In view of the evils of gambling what should be done? Of course, for one thing the laws should be enforced. In some important respects our laws in Ontario are defective. Until within a few months it seems to have been a question just, what a gambling house in the eye of the law is. A recent judicial decision has in large measure removed the difficulty. It is encouraging to see that since then several disreputable places in the city have been closed and a considerable rumber of arrests have been made. Our greatest weakness in Toronto seems to be in connection with certain clubs where gambling is known to exist, and in connection with our Woodbine race-course, where gambling seems to be carried on with a bigh band. If these two in connection with our Woodbine race-course, where gambling seems to be car-ried on with a high hand. If these two centers of evil cannot be purged under our present laws, then by all means our Provincial Legislature should be pressed to give us laws that are adequate. I am glad to know that a movement is on foot looking in this direction. Let us all give it such moral support as we are able. We also seem to be in want of an adequate federal law giving control over the practice of stock-gambling; but we are promised by the Government n improved law shall be provided next Dominion Parliament. Good by the next Dominion Parliament. Good laws are important. To ensure their enforcement we must have an intelligent and strong public sentiment at their back. It is a question whether we do not need to have organized in

#### Doctor's Shift

Now Gets Along Without It.

A physician says: "Until last fall lised to eat meat for my breakfast, and

The hearty appetites of children enjoy the delicious flavor and get healthy nourishment from a sandwich made with Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese. It is a delicious dainty for anyone

at any time. For luncheons and five o'clock teas you may serve it in the original pot. It looks dainty, clean and tempting.

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Toronto and in all our towns and cities "Law and Order Leagues"—that is, organizations of citizens without reference canizations of citizens without reference to church, class or party, for the purpose of seeing that the laws—those pertaining to gambling, liquor-selling and all others—be enforced. But we must not stop with law or law enforcement, or with anything external. We must go deeper. We must be content with nothing short of lifting all our communities above the gambling spirit. The heart of the whole gambling business is the desire to get something for nothing. We should teach ourselves and all with whom we have to do how base and unworthy is such a desire; and that the very first condition of an honorable life is to desire to do our full part in the world, and to render to others a just return for what they do for us. To want to get from others what we do not pay for is to be at heart a parasite, a beggar, or a thief.

#### New Year's Resolutions

Resolved:

To acquire more facility in reading hree morning papers and eating my reakfast at the same time. Never to pend over five minutes over my lunch-

To keep religiously away from church.

To keep religiously away from church. To keep my seat in the car.
To grow more cynical.
To smoke at least ten cigars a day.
To increase my income so that I can live so much more beyond it.
To keep out of Wall street when I have lost all my money.
To contribute at least one-tenth of my income to the party in power.
To see all the bad plays.
To sacrifice the comfort of others as ranch as possible to my own.
Never to restaurance and meets to

Never to rest and meeting to the insults of policemen and conductors, swearing only at my wife.

To praise God daily for the Elevated road and the yellow journals.

TOM MASSON.

#### Origin of the Names of Countries.

The following countries, it is said, were originally named by the Phoenicians, the greatest commercial people in the world. The names, in the Phoenician language, signified something characteristic of the places which they designate the said of the places which they designate t

nate.

Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa.

than those of Asia and Africa.

Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers
placed it between Europe and Africa.

Africa signifies the land of corn or
ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn, and all sorts of grain.

Siberia signifies thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augusta for an army to destroy them.

o destroy them.

Italy, a country of pitch, from its ielding great quantities of black pitch.

Calabria, also for the same reason.

Gaul. modern France, signifes yellowaired, as yellow hair characterizes its witchitest.

The English of Caleuonia is a high hill.

This was a rugged, mountainous pro-vince in Scotland.

vince in Scotland.

Hibernia is utmost, or last habitation; for beyond this westward the Phoenicians never extended their voyages.

Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion.

A physician says: "Until last fall I used to eat meat for my breakfast, and suffered with indigestion until the meat had passed from the stomach.

"Last fall I began the use of Grape-Nuts for breakfast, and very soon found I could do without meat, for my body got all the nourishment necessary from the Grape-Nuts, and since then I have not had any indigestion, and an feeling better and have increased in weight.

"Since finding the benefit I derived from Grape-Nuts I have prescribed the food for all of my patients suffering from indigestion or over-feeding, and also for those recovering from disease where I want a food easy to take and certain to digest and that will not overtax the stomach.

"I always find the results I look for when I prescribe Grape-Nuts. For ethical reasons please omit my name." Name given by mail by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

The reason for the wonderful amount of nutriment, and the easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is not hard to find.

The first place, the starchy part of the wheat and barley goes through various processes of cooking, to perfectly change the starch into Dextrose or Post Sugar, in which state it is ready to be easily absorbed by the blood. The little parts in the wheat and barley which Nature can make use of for rebuilding brain and nerve centers are retained in this remarkable food, and thus the human body is supplied with the powerful strength-producers so easily noticed after one has caten Grape-Nuts each day for a week or ten days.

"Chere's a reason."

Get little boon, "Tae Road, to Well-ville," in the package.

#### Maxims for an Up-to-Date Republic.

That government is best that taxes

To the reformers belong the spoils. Give us slavery or give us death. In unions there is rest—from work. No grafter is without cash, except it is own even to the control of the control o s own country. One bad pension deserves another

In politics it takes three to make a rigain: The victim, the man who makes and the legislature.

All poor men are equal before the law.

a poor treaty that doesn't work

Every little country helps.
Corruption is its own reward.
He who runs may lead.
Cupidity is the mother of interven-

Uneasy lies the head that arbitrates with a world power,

Cant is mighty and shall prevail.—

"Life."

#### Nectar In His.

He was nothing but a tramp, a mod-He was nothing but a tramp, a mod-est, retiring tramp, one of the nature's noblemen kind, and when in answer to his timid knock a young matron opened the door he asked: "Might I beg for a cup of hot water from the breakfast table?"
"You might" about the property of the large

from the bream.
"You might,"
interru she began, frigidly

"You might," she began, frigidly, when he interrupted:
"Would it be possible to spill a few drops of coffee into it?"
"It would be, but—"
"And a spoonful of mik—"
"I never in my life—"
"One moment, please. I don't ask for sugar, but if you will kindly look into the cup, it will be turned into nectar—nectar, madam, the food of the gods."
He got it and two large pieces of

#### An Odd Lottery.

A new version of Portia's caskets is to be seen in a bootshop in London. In the window is a padlocked glass box containing five golden sovereigns. A notice proclaims that all purchasers at this establishment will be offered a large number of keys, from which they may select one and with it attempt to unlock the box. The person who is lucky enough to pick out the right key is then enriched by picking up the five pounds. It is a pretty lottery, and at the worst no one's effort can be bootless.

They were uttering the tender non They were uttering the tender non-sense that succeeds the great question. "And," said the girl, bravely, "if pover-ty comes, we will face it together." "Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away." And ever since he has wondered why

She-Dearest, tell me honestly. Have you ever loved another?

He-Yes, darling, but that was waen

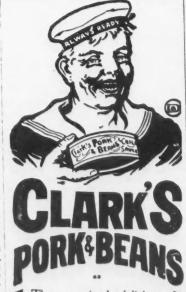
I was young and foolish and utterly in

responsible.

She—How long ago was it?

He—Oh, fully six months ago. First Tourist (in Switzerland)-"Our

landford must know English pretty well."
Second Tourist: "I haven't heard him speak it yet."
"No; but he understood your German."



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The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 21st, both days inclusive.

T. P. COFFEE, Manager Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.



#### TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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HE Princess Theater, while not indulging in the variety show, has sprinkled plenty of the spice of life through its winter programme. Last week the "Earl of Pawtucket," embroidered with the latest stitches in "American" slang, and brightened by Waldorf-Astoria's splendor, kept us in a Christmas mood of jollity; and this week "Pretty Peggy," with Miss Grace George as the charming Woffington, has brought back the bad old, sad old days when David Garrick was in his glory and when London gallants were at the feet of the girl from Dublin. There are scenes in the play that are old pictures transformed to flesh and blood, such as the banquet in the "green room," and the gorgeous passing of that naughty and fascinating gentleman, Prince George of Wales. Colley Cibber, who has the extremely curt name "Burt Tucman," is a radiant and obese figure in a striking costume of turquoise blue satin, while he bows in a fashion that is truly miraculous when one considers his avoirdupois. Miss George deserves her Christian name, and is quite equal to the adjective in the title "Pretty Peggy." She is "Peg" from first to last, and enters convincingly into the love and ambition of the poor little actress who was foolish enough to break her heart over Davy Garrick. She is witty, loving, furious and despairing, but I wish that she had been content to die in Garrick's arms and had not appeared afterwards, bowing and smiling. Such resurrection may please the most banal playgoers in the gallery, but it jars the discerning. The close of the third, are was the most popular scene in the play, and "" "stang fashion" but I me woman who can become an absolute fury while remaining beautiful and bewitching is worth applauding. When Peggy tells Garrick that she loves him, it is all very pretty and idyllic, but, bless you, it is common enough. However, when jealousy transforms her into a vixen, when her dainty feet stamp and her sweet voice soars up to high "C" as she declares her hatred, the audience realizes that this is rare and radiant acting, s way too often. A prolonged burst of fury would have taken the step which is between the dramatic and the ridiculous, but Peggy's wrath is merely a tropical outburst. Genuinely Irish is the lady in her wit, her love and her pathos, altogether upholding the traditions of the land that loves a lover, a bon mot and a broil. There are a few moments of excitement during the last act, when the riot scene in the old London playhouse is carried out realistically by "supers" who rush from the back of the theater, hissing, jeering and finally applauding. It is rather queer to have these bewigged and beruffled gentlemen tearing down the prosaic aisles of our own Princess, and a certain nervous lady wondered if there could be fire. But the riotous affair is really well managed and ends in spirited style. The scenic effect of the Forest of Arden is excellent. David Garrick is played by Mr. Robert Loraine, who acts with grace the part of the attractive, selfish and victorious artist. But there is another Davy Garrick to whom I gave my allegiance long since—a gentle, courtly David, a very Bayard of the drama, who scorned to betray the trust of old Simon Ingots. That Davy Garrick is far away in old London, and is even now playing the part of Professor at St. James's—no other than Mr. E. S. Willard. The costumes in "Pretty Peggy" are marvels of brocade and ruffles. We had all heard of Miss George's extensive wardrobe, and verily we beheld lyries in lace and dreams in drapery. The ghost of the Queen of Sheba might have turned green with envy when the last entrained wonder appeared. It is one touch of vanity that makes the whole world kin, and so the audience became utterly absorbed in watching the packing of frills and furbelows, preparatory to the wedding journey that was never taken.

Miss May Edouin of Edouin and Edwards, who appear at Shea's this week, is a most versatile and charming little person. Her different character work displays much ability, and the changes are astonishingly quick. Miss Edouin is ably assisted by Fred Edwards, who by his good work succeeds in connecting the theme of the sketch with Miss Edouin's many impersonations. The little marionette theater operated by the Holdens savors of the Crystal Palace in England, which no doubt this clever mechanical device hails from. The transformation scene and the sparkling waterfall produce a charming effect. The Dillon brothers are here again, a trifle vulgarity. The colored trio, Harper, Desmond and Bailey, are good specimens of coon funmakers and shouters. The Swedish Ladies' Quintette, quite a novelty, render several enjoyable melodies. The stage settings and effects help the turn considerably. Charlie Ernest's monologue is clever and entertaining, although the vocal portion thereof is somewhat distressing. The Four Wilsons, acrobats, are again on the olio, and remarkable development is evinced in the youngest member of the quartette since his last visit to Toronto. "Alice in Wonderland," by the kinetograph, closes the performance, which is considerably above the average bill offered.

Virginia Earl is a prima donna who hardly needs an introduction to theater-goers. Her name and fame have become familiar in almost every country where English is spoken. Her beauty and grace of face and form, her winsome, magnetic personality, finely-trained voice, of great range and sympathetic quality, have all united to place her high in the favor of music-lovers. At the age of thirteen we find that Virginia Earl played Nanki Poo in "The Mikado" with the Juvenile Opera Company. She then joined E. E. Rice's forces in Australia and played Medoc in "The Corsair," Gabriel in "Evangeline," Taggs in "The County Fair," and Dandini in "Cinderella." In this country, as the Lunch Counter Girl in Hoyt's "A Hole in the Ground," she made a hit. She then starred with Edwin Stevens in "Wang." Then came a series of triumphs at the New York Casino in "The Passing Show," "The Merry World," "In Gay New York," and "The Lady Slavey." From the Casino Miss Earl went to Augustin Daly's theater and scored successes in "The Geisha," "The Circus Girl," "The Runaway Girl" and other plays. After leaving Daly's she returned to the Casino for the run of "The Casino Girl" and Belle of Bohemia." She was especially engaged by Charles Frohman to support Edna May in "The Girl from Up There."



Virginia Earl in the bridal costume in "Sergeant Kitty," Princess Theater.

after which she appeared with Dan Daly in "The New Yorkers." Miss Earl has played many parts and played them well, but as the dainty, jaunty soldier lassic, Sergeant Kitty, she has scored the greatest success of her life. In it she is simply a joy to the senses and a delight to the understanding.

For next week Mr. Shea will offer a bill headed by Davis stage has produced. Then there will be the Jiggling Johnsons, Taffary's Dogs, Donahue and Nicholls, Al Lawrence, Lillian Shaw, the Lavine Cameron Trio, and the kinetograph.

Dainty Virginia Earl is now an established comic opera star, a position which the clever little lady is eminently fitted to adorn. In "Sergeant Kitty" she has scored a genuine hit of the most pronounced sort. The part of Kitty LaTour, a pretty, wilful, altogether fascinating young woman whose airs and graces, coupled with her mischievous tendency to play larks, keeps a whole regiment of soldiers guessing for a time, is one which Miss Earl is peculiarly adapted to portray, as it affords plenty of opportunities for the display of her ability as a comedian, and admits of her singing a number of catchy songs, besides giving us a chance to see her in all her ability as a comedian, and admits of her singing a number of catchy songs, besides giving us a chance to see her in all the glory and glitter of the uniforms of a sergeant of Hussars. Mr. George R. White has surrounded Miss Earl with a spleudid company of singers and comedians, including Julie McCree, an eccentric singing comedian of undoubted ability; Estelle Wentworth, soprano, late of "A Chinese Honeymoon;" Albert Parr, the noted tenor, last season with "Prince of Pilsen;" Grace Belmont, a clever soubrette; Harry Stone, comedian; Carrie E. Perkins, character actress; Sylvain Langlois, basso; Sara Edwards, contralto; Harry Braham, Nellie Emerald, George Mack, Charles Renwick and J. A. Furey. A large chorus of pretty and shapely girls are much in evidence in the ensembles. The production is a superb one with sumptuous scenic settings and elaborate and costly costumes. "Sergeant Kitty" is a new and original comic opera in two acts. The book and lyrics are by R. H. Burnside and the music by A. Baldwin Sloane, composer of "The Mocking Bird," etc., etc. At the Princess Theater next week. Matinee will be given on Saturday only. will be given on Saturday only

#### When Woffington Sold Watercress.

When Woffington sold watercress Crying her warings up and down The narrow streets of Dublin town, wonder did no passer guess ne spirit in the dingy dress. The heart beneath the tattered gown?

Did not the eyes' audacious brown Speak Harry Wildair's recklessnes Whispered no prescience of renown When Woffington sold watercress?

Nay, blind we are as in those days. The folk of Dublin who went by: This hour, it may be, you and I Have passed upon our several ways. The little lass whom future praise. Will hall as some divisity.

To-morrow and we swell the cry; To-day we pass, nor pause nor gaze; hey stayed you, Peggy, but to buy, And blind we are as in those days.

Child, is it you will wear the bays, You who will win the world's caress? Nay, blind we are as in those days When Woffington sold watercress, THEODOSIA GARRISON.

#### A Dramatic Incident.

HERE came near being trouble in the household of A. Baldwin Sloane, composer of Virginia Earl's new comic opera, "Sergeant Kitty." One of the "props" used in the opera is a photograph of a lady, which bears upon its reverse side this little verse:

"I write the thoughts I cannot speak, Your own true loving Angelique."

At one of the rehearsals of "Sergeant Kitty" this photograph somehow fell into the hands of Mr. Sloane, and after the rehearsal was over, as he was leaving the hall, he found the photo still in his hand, and not seeing the property man of the company, whose duty it was to take care of it, he care-leasly atuck it in his pocket. On reaching hame that exening Mr. Sloane removed his coat, put on his smoking jacket and slippers and sat down to enjoy a quiet evening in the bosom of his family. He had just lit a perfecto and was indulging himself in a mental comparison of his own works with those

of Wagner, Verdi, and other great composers, when a shriek from his better-half attracted his attention. "What does this mean?" cried Mrs. Sloane, bursting into the room like a whirlwind and flourishing a photograph about in the air wildly. "Who is this woman and why does she give you her photograph with poetry on the back of it?"

Mr. Sloane, to say the least, was startled. "What is it, was about?" he asked mildly: "what are you making such a tree should."

Mrs. Sloane here began to weep. "I found this in your ocket," she sobbed. "Oh, Baldy, I didn't think you would reat me like this. Who is she? She looks too old for a

chorus girl."

"My dear," remarked Mr. Sloane with a great deal of that dignity for which he is noted, "if you will permit me to say a word I will explain this thing to your satisfaction. The photograph which you have in your artless way unearthed is simply a replica of a person who does not exist; in fact, it is the photograph of a myth. To tell you the truth, it is a prop." It took Mr. Sloane at least another hour before he had thoroughly convinced Mrs. Sloane that Angelique was purely a creature born in the imagination of his collaborateur, Mr. Burnside, author of "Sergeant Kitty."

It is said that before leaving a rehearsal now, Mr. Sloane carefully examines all his pockets, and if anybody requests him to hold any of the "props" he receives a short answer.

#### War History.

"There," remarked the colonel, as a distinguished individ-ual, wearing good clothes, passed by, "there is a man who made the nerviest charge in the Civil War that I ever saw." "Is that so?" asked the major; "I don't seem to recognize him as a military hero." "No," replied the colonel, "I didn't sup-pose you would. He was the sutler for our regiment, and he made us pay ninety cents a slice for pumpkin pie!"—Cincin-nati "Times-Star."

#### Irish, You Know.

George Moore, the Irish novelist, says that he was walking one day in a Dublin street when an undertaker's assistant passed him earrying on his shoulder a coffin unusually tiny. A young man stopped the assistant near Mr. Moore. "Is it possible," exclaimed the youth, "that this coffin is intended for any living creature?"

#### Aye, There's the Rub.

By Sam S. Stinson. We all of us try to forgive and forget When similar treatment we crave. And think we are virtuous paragons, yet We cannot forget we forgave.

#### Homicidal Hat-Pins

It is time the wit of womankind was turned to the invent ing of some means by which the offending hat pin was robbed of its homicidal tendencies. Possibly the plan of licensing might be followed with advantage. Just as a man may not earry a revolver without a license, so a woman may not carry that hardly less deadly weapon, a hat pin, without a yearly license purchased from the State.—"Medical Press."



"What are we stopping for, Jimmie?"
"Why, you see, the motor is so hot dat
it cools off a little." hot dat I can't start again till it

#### New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.) HRISTMAS NIGHT is theater night in New York, and any "show" that does not play to a capacity house may take it as a notice to quit. However, few such notices were served, and if it were not for contradicting myself I would attribute this in part to the enormous demand, and for the rest to the amiable dispersion of exercition of exercition of the feating night.

to the enormous demand, and for the rest to the amiable disposition of everybody on this festive night.

It was a happy arrangement that brought back to the suburbs for Christmas week our two most distinguished English actors, Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Forbes Robertson, Sir Henry playing "Dante" and his repertoire in Brooklyn and Mr. Robertson at Harlem in that exquisite bit of character work of his, as Dick Heldar in "The Light that Failed."

I saw Sir Henry one night in the "Story of Waterloo," and the picture of that old soldier standing at the open window of his cottage stirred for the last time, as it proved, by the martial strains of passing soldiers, will never be quite effaced. I had often seen it before, but never just like that. The audience simply rose en masse and quite drowned the effaced. I had often seen it before, but never just like that. The audience simply rose en masse and quite drowned the music of "Highland Laddie" in their enthusiastic appreciation of that wonderful moment of abstraction in the old veteran's life. It was not Sir Henry, not a piece of dramatic art, but the veteran himself, hero of Waterloo, and the last of the Old Guard, that we saw. Let us hope you will see this in Toronto once more, when Sir Henry visits you next month. You will insist on "Dante." of course—because of Dante that is—but you will remember the grand old actor best in his old characters, Louis XI., Shylock, Mathias and Gregory Brewster.

characters, Louis XI., Shylock, Mathias and Gregory Blewster.

There is a new Irving story told, this time of an enthusiastic lady of the garrulously appreciative kind, who wants to visit behind the scenes and weep, metaphorically, on the neck of the actor. She had finished her series of congratulatory speeches, and Sir Henry was about to "go on," when word was brought that Nansen was in one of the boxes. This was too much for the demonstrative lady, and she begged Sir Henry to allow her to "peep out just once" on the distinguished explorer.

"Isn't he a most wonderful man, Sir Henry, a most marvelous man?" she was exclaiming breathlessly.

"Yes," replied the actor in his characteristic way, "he seems to stand the cold remarkably well."

A number of English actors here, in conversation the other

A number of English actors here, in conversation the other night, were trying to narrow down to six the group of most distinguished actors on the English stage. Finally, seven had to be named for harmony's sake, and the list ran in this order: Sir Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, Martin Harvey, Louis Waller. Sir Charles Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree, and E.

order: Sir Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, Martin Harvey, Louis Waller. Sir Charles Wyndham, Beerbohm Tree, and E. S. Willard.

It is to be hoped we shall some day soon have Forbes Robertson in his repertoire. That will hardly be next year, however, for I understand his company are to produce a new play in the spring, "The Edge of the Storm," by Margaret Young. After Sir Henry, Mr. Robertson is easily the first and greatest of English actors and destined to wear "Elijah's" mantle when it shall have fallen from the old prophet's shoulder. "Dick Heldar" is quite perfect, perhaps the best thing being done on the stage at this moment, but we would like to try something that does not impose quite as much self-restraint on the artist. Yet they say you get the same impression of reserve forces even in "Othello" and his "Hamlet," which some consider the very best of modern times. I can imagine only three entirely satisfactory Hamlets; they are Mr. Robertson, Martin Harvey, and—Edythe Wynne Mathison of "Everyman" fame.

Talking of "The Light that Failed," is it not rather curious that womenkind should censure Maisie—I mean Maisie of the drama—quite ignoring the fact that her life and spiritual welfare, however mistaken her direction of self-development, are quite as important to her as to Dick Heldar? Moreover, Dick's challenge to the woman in her own field of art seems to me to lack the elements of chivalry and is small-souled at that. It is always delightfully feminine, this way in which womenkind rally round their own exponents!

It has happened. In New York this pronoun for months

It has happened. In New York this pronoun for months has stood for one thing—"Parsifal." And after many weeks of waiting and priming on the part of the public, grown long-faced from lecture attendance, club discussion and bewilderingly "explanatory" recitals, and wearier weeks of rehearsing on the part of the Metropolitan Opera, the slow moving calendar finally brought the afternoon of December 24. And while an audience of ten thousand people, on tiptoe of expectation, held its breath in suppressed excitement, and a continent waited outside in wonder, the curtain went solemnly up on the first act of the great Wagnerian drama-poem. It was an intense moment, and the greatest tribute to Mr. Conried and his production is that the intensity of that moment was not relaxed until the curtain fell on the final scene. "Parsifal's" triumph was complete, and when Mr. Conried was called to the footlights after the second act, he had reason to be,

triumph was complete, and when Mr. Conried was called to the footlights after the second act, he had reason to be, what he was, the proudest man in America.

Naturally the performance has to be compared to Bayreuth, and unless enquiry can be answered favorably to the Metropolitan production, no "American" will be satisfied. He sets no limit to the results of his peculiar nervous energy and the earning capacity of his money. Mr. Conried had promised to surpass the Bayreuth production, and in costumes and scenery he did; and for once at least this is important. and the earning capacity of his money. Mr. Conried had promised to surpass the Bayreuth production, and in costumes and scenery he did; and for once at least this is important, for in no other of Wagner's works, save possibly "Rheingold," is the pictorial side so essential to the poetry and the music. I have it in mind that Wagner held the curious theory that the music drama in time is destined to supersede the separate pictorial or plastic arts, no less than absolute music. The theory of an enthusiast, if you like, but interesting. But in addition to a superior scenic production, those who feel themselves qualified to judge the comparative musical excellence of both, claim emphatically that the New York production does not suffer in the comparison.

At any rate here were artists who had sung repeatedly at the Bayreuth performances, Mile. Ternina as Kundry, Mr. Burgstaller as Parsifal, and Mr. Van Rooy as Amfortas. Frau Wagner says they will sing there no more, and whether she includes in the prohibition the German stage experts, Fuchs and Lautenschlager, is not announced. But any account of this wonderful production must be left for another letter.

J. E. W.

#### A Simple Sorrow.

At noon-tide, once, it happened Death did stray
Where in the shade my first-born paused from play,
All gently beckoned Death, at close of day,
And the lad following, both passed on their way! PINCE-NEW

#### Beaconsfield's "Dont's."

An inquiring and aspiring person once asked Beaconsfield

to tell him the secret of social success. "Never discuss the authorship of the Letters of Junius," was the reply.

Beaconsfield's latest biographer, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, adds something positive to this witty negative rule for getting on in the world. A distinguished member of Parliament begged the Victorian statesman to tell his young son something to remember; something that would help to make him an agree-able and popular member of society. Beaconsfield hedged. "Model yourself after your father," he said to the lad.

he said to the lad.

This was not entirely satisfactory, and the M.P. insisted upon a definite rule of conduct.

"Well, my boy," said Beaconsfield, "be amusing. Never tell unkind stories. Above all, never tell long ones."

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"
"I should say I am. Some nights I don't sleep three "That so! I've got it awfully bad. I've been afflicted a about two years. The doctor calls it neuris insomnis

paralaxitis. "I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel."

"And the best and the worst of this is That neither is much to blame, If you have forgotten my kisses, And I can't remember your name."

-Swinburne

Once, so the story goes, Emperor Nicholas of Russia asked Liszt to play in his presence. The musician complied, but during the performance the Czar started a conversation with an aide-de-camp. Liszt stopped playing at once. The Czar asked what was the matter. "When the Emperor speaks," said Liszt, "every one must be silent." The Czar smilingly took the hint, and the playing proceeded.

pa speeches, ful well-known ing for the on in some north, where "Ah, She keeper. "He the wholesa "Nothing

good custon

through the about.
"It seems ville, is chai paign he ha meetings he other availa a crowd' had one place, F He had, so the place, a evening full be got som suddenly di sleigh appe them sat or driven in fr stamping a greeting an " 'Come

gave a very Soles's part cheerfully s story when struck agai I saw a ma windows of about being opponents are all in.' are all in.'
Soles's head verbosity to Bozzey at 1 would inter Mr. Soles, sollige him would be desired. "'I hav pleased, 'so to spare.' robes, did r going out the Rubes, but he also to him; ar had alread The deep late getting the 'dancir

very boyis made such had the er someone re it was, ho caught Sho him off th " 'Didn' on the pla Boozey rec introduced That gent plaining th of trouble

botham en aisle, he w smell of th front and

you know.

"Shoebe was far fr young fell-his collar not that laughing s he shivere he though be called who, strar of the pol things Sho Boozey con Mr. John facetiously gift of gal but ladies

"Our yo man's hea tongue se chairman, minded hi men prese again a li was reciti had a sna before him "Just moving th

collection

break add passed are his senses tician who launched 'Question! and the 'i the farme while the shouted a This was sitting on jumped u answer ca as it brok panie the order. So fellows bl

began sin Corners v botham, a some idea "Hurr "What al "Give forgot to botham halone. We patient to it. In deforward speed. I he arrive

eold. "Of co next day Mr. Shoe gentlema: "Hard

#### The Drummer's Political Speech. 1000

Campaign is carried on in the country," remarked the commercial traveler to the bookkeeper, as they were having lunch in the grill-room. "They read in the papers," he went on, "of meetings being held, and of speeches, full of abuse and personalities, being delivered by well-known politicians who have been imported into the riding for the occasion, but they know nothing of the fun going on in some of the back townships. I have just come from up north, where I heard all about the trouble my esteemed fellow-drummer, Jack Shoebotham, got into out at Root's Corners."

"Ah, Shoebotham. I know him," interrupted the book-keeper. "He's that young chap who travels for Kydd & Co, the wholesale shoe dealers. What's he been doing now?". "Nothing very much. He only broke up a meeting, lost a good customer's account, and had to walk back eight miles through the deep snow. But I must tell you how it all came about.

"It seems that Mr. Soles, who keeps a general store in Hayville, is chairman of the local committee, and during this campaign he has had great difficulty in obtaining speakers for the meetings held in outlying districts. He himself and all the other available men in the town who could 'talk politics to a crowd' had meetings to address that evening, and there was one place, Root's Corners, which caused him much uneasiness. He had, so far, secured only one speaker, Lawyer Boozey, for the place, and that gentleman was just as likely to spend an evening full as a full evening out there. Another man must be got somewhere. But Mr. Soles's troubled thoughts were suddenly dispersed by a noise at the front of his shop. A sleigh appeared, piled high with trunks, and on the top of them sat our noisy young friend, Shoebotham, who had just driven in from a neighboring town. As he entered the store, stamping and shaking off the snow, he received a hearty greeting and welcome from his customer.

"'Come up to the stove and get thawed out,' said Mr. "It seems that Mr. Soles, who keeps a general store in Hay

greeting and welcome from his customer.

"'Come up to the stove and get thawed out,' said Mr. Soles, as he helped himself to one of Shoebotham's cigars. 'And tell us how things are going.' Of course our young friend gave a very encouraging report of the progress made by Mr. Soles's party in other quarters. 'Talk about deep snow,' he cheerfully said, 'Pm afraid you'll think I'm telling you a tall story when I say that the runners of our sleigh several times struck against the tops of telegraph poles, and, do you know, I saw a man coming out of a chimney because the doors and windows of his house were snowed under. But say! talk about being snowed under! You can just bet anything your opponents will be completely out of sight when the returns are all in.' As Shoebotham rattled on, an idea came into Mr. Soles's head. Why not, he thought, turn this young man's verbosity to some account? Why not send him out to help Boozey at Root's Corners? He is a glib talker, and no doubt would interest the farmers. Here is the very man, thought Mr. Soles, so he asked the drummer whether or not he would oblige him in the matter. Certainly, Shoebotham declared, he

would interest the farmers. Here is the very man, thought Mr. Soles, so he asked the drummer whether or not he would oblige him in the matter. Certainly, Shoebotham declared, he would be delighted to go.

"I have an order for you,' said the merchant, highly pleased, 'so get your samples unpacked; we haven't much time to spare.' Shoebotham, sitting comfortably under the buffalo robes, did not mind the deep snow and the cold wind. He was going out to Root's Corners, not only to have some fun with the Rubes, and to gain some experience as a stump speaker, but he also was placing a good customer under an obligation to him; and he chuckled as he thought of the fat order he had already secured, and of other fat ones to come. The deep snow had delayed him, and he was half an hour late getting to the Corners. The meeting was being held in the 'dancing hall' over the hotel driving shed, and as Shoebotham entered, and pushed his way through the crowded aisle, he was almost overcome by the stifling heat and foul smell of the room. But he managed to push his way to the front and tried to step up on to the platform. Shoebotham, you know, is a small man, and now that he is clean shaven, is very boyish looking. But still the chairman should not have made such a mistake. Or perhaps it would have been better that the embryo statesman remained below and waited until someone recognized him and called him to the platform. As it was, however, the big raw-boned chairman reached down. "Didn't I tell youse kids before to keep from crowding up on the platform." he called out. Fortunately, just the Mr.

nim off the platform.

"'Didn't I tell youse kids before to keep from crowding up on the platform?' he called out. Fortunately, just then Mr. Boozey recognized Shoebotham. So of course he immediately introduced him to the surprised and horror-struck chairman. That gentleman, of course, was profuse in his apologies, explaining that 'them kids in the front had caused him a heap of trouble all evenin'.'

of trouble all evenin.'

"Shoebotham then took his place on the platform, but he was far from feeling comfortable. He is a particularly neat young fellow, and as he was now conscious of the fact that his collar was torn, he felt very much annoyed. Besides, had not that brute of a chairman insulted him and made a laughing stock of him? These thoughts were distracting, and he shivered, while the perspiration rolled down his back, as he thought of the time, now drawing near, when he should be called upon to speak. To make matters worse, Boozey, who, strange to say, was as sober as a judge, was speaking of the political scandals and the timber question—the very things Shoebotham had made up his mind to discuss. At last Boozey concluded, and the chairman introduced to the meeting Mr. John Shoebotham, a young man who had come strongly Mr. John Shoebotham, a young man who had come strongly recommended by Mr. Soles. 'Besides being a drummer,' he facetiously remarked, 'Mr. Shoebotham no doubt possesses the gift of gab, and a wide experience in addressing not only men.

"Our young friend would have liked to punch the chairman's head. As he rose to his feet he felt dizzy, and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. But he put forth a mighty effort and managed to begin with 'Mr. chairman, ladies and gentlemen.' The roar of laughter reminded him that he had made a mistake; there were no won present this borhood days areas before him. He was men present. His boyhood days arose before him. He was again a little lad at the Sunday school entertainment, and he was reciting "The boy stood on the burning deck." Casabianca

had a snap, he thought, because 'all but he had fled.' while before him was a sea of upturned, grinning faces.

"Just then a man interrupted the meeting by rising and "Just then a man interrupted the meeting by rising and moving that as some people were already leaving the hall a collection should be taken up to 'defraud the expenses.' This break added to the uproar. But while the hat was being passed around it gave Shoebotham a few moments to collect his senses. He recalled some utterances of a well-known politician whom he had once heard criticizing the tariff. So he launched out with great eloquence, disregarding the cries of 'Question!' Question!' into the 'inconsistencies of the tariff,' and the 'idiosyncrasies of the men who framed it.' 'Can anyone here tell me,' he asked with great warmth, 'how it is that the farmer pays a duty of twenty per cent. on his implements, while the dentist imports his instruments free?' 'I can!' shouted a voice from below. Because the dentist has a pull!' This was the last straw. Half a dozen big men who were sitting on a plank, stretched between two empty soap boxes, jumped up together on their seat, to see where the witty answer came from. Their weight was too much for the plank, as it broke with a crash, precipitating them to the floor. A as it broke with a crash, precipitating them to the floor. A panic then ensued. In vain the chairman tried to restore order. Some thought the floor was giving way. Some young fellows blew out the lamps at the back of the hall, and others

fellows blew out the lamps at the back of the hall, and others began singing 'God Save the King.' The meeting at Root's Corners was over. Nobody was seriously hurt. But Shoebotham, as he fought his way to the door, felt that he had some idea of what the Martinique disaster was like."
"Hurry up with your story." interrupted the bookkeeper. "What about our friend's eight miles through the snow?" Give me time," said the traveler. "I'm coming to that. I forgot to say that the hotelkeeper at Hayville had lent Shoebotham his horse and cutter, and the latter had driven over alone. When he had unhitched the horse, which was very impatient to get home, he took off the blanket and was folding it. In doing this he frightened the animal, which jumped forward with the empty cutter, and started off at a terrific speed. In vain Shoebotham grabbed for something. When he arrived at the stable yard in Hayville, four hours later, the horse was standing there unhurt, but shivering in the cold.

"Of course Soles was furious when he heard of the meet "Of course Soles was furious when he heard of the meeting. He is a rabid politician and a quick-tempered man. The next day he wrote Kydd & Co. to cancel the order he gave to Mr. Shoebotham, and also requested them to instruct that gentleman not to call on him any more."

"Hard lines," said the bookkeeper, as he reached for his hat. "But our friend's misfortunes should serve as a lesson to other drummers to leave politics alone while on the road."

W. H. PAGET.



A PARK IN FLORIDA.

#### A Boy and A Dog.

RAY, dull and dreary was the Saturday afternoon before Christmas, and I looked from a window on Adelaide street, wondering how any one would call the Christmas season a time of peace and good-will. It was nothing but fake and fraud. Holly is hideous, mistletoe is but an excuse for the same old jokes, while plum pudding is such stuff as nightmares are made of. Christmas is only a day of painful memories for those who have grown up and left behind the delights of a Noah's ark or a doll with real hair. We receive presents from those who send things because they fear we are cherishing like intentions, and we give presents to people whom we should like to see at Jericho. I was thinking all these uncomfortable thoughts, and mingled with them was a new pain, for there was an empty chair in the room, the pen had fallen from a ready hand, and, just a few hours before, he who had been a genial presence in the "sanctum" had gone away smiling to that other world where, perhaps, we learn the answer to life's riddle.

Then there came to the door a small boy with honest eyes who said eagerly, "Do you put photographs in 'Saturday Night?'"

"Sometimes," I replied, not too encouragingly.

"Well, this is a nicture I went to make the suite of the content of the cont

ght?"
"Sometimes," I replied, not too encouragingly.
"Well, this is a picture I want to get in. It's a boy and

dog."
"But you are not in it."
"No—it's my brother. He's fond of the dog, you see, and



speak of me, but I'd like to have him in." The boy turned away and went down the three flights of stairs he had climbed to the editor's office, while I went back and stood once more at the window, looking out on the dulness and gloom of the December twilight. But there was a gleam of gold athwart the gray, for something had told me that the good of the old days is living still, that, though brave, bright friends go away without a wave of the hand, they leave the memory of conradeship and pluck. It is such a little way back to the Christmas of childhood, the days of "life unquestioned"—such a little way forward to the Great Perhaps. Nothing matters, after all, but a helping hand and a brave heart. In the meantime, on the desk lay the photograph of a boy and his dog—a jolly, friendly-looking dog and a boy who is "nothing but a kid."

#### A Happy New Year.

A Happy New Year.

Y JOVE! It was a regular old-fashioned New Year's day, clear and cold, with lots of snow and good sleighing. What a pity they didn't still keep up the good old fashion of New Year's calling. Then it was worth one's while to pay visits. Why, you were expected, of course, at all your friends', and were given a hearty welcome, the ladies "at home," dressed in their prettiest, the houses adorned with the Christmas decoration, great fires blazing, and a generous table laid with New Year's plum cake. Scotch bread, and other Christmas dainties, and last, but not least, plenty of good wines. You started at ten in the morning and never got through until night, boasting of the number of calls you had made, everybody jolly, and laughter ringing throughout the whole day. Ah! that was something like. And the nice old bachelor sighed as he turned away from his dressing-room window and proceeded to shave himself, and wonder how he should put in his day. He might curl, of course; a lot of the fellows would. And the skating club were going to meet in the afternoon; but he did those things any or every day, and would rather do something more out of the way and suitable to the holiday.

Oh. he has it! For once he will go out of his beaten track and cultivate the acquaintance of people that may be glad to see him. By Jove! he will go a-visiting, after all—where he is not looked for or expected, perhaps, but may receive a welcome just the same. He will be like that old Christmas Johnny of Dickens' that made such a good time for himself. And so in a cheerful frame of mind he descends to his lonely but well-appointed breakfast table, and tells his man to telephone the stable to have his sleigh around at ten, but before this order can be carried out the doorbell rings and "Bertie,"

phone the stable to have his sleigh around at ten, but before this order van be carried out the doorbell rings and "Bertie," his friend (a confirmed old bachelor, too), comes gaily into the room with a "Happy New Year, old chap! Are you ready to

this order can be carried out the doorbell rings and "Bertie," his friend in confirmed old bachelor, too), comes gaily into the noom with a "Happy New Year, old chap! Are you ready to curl this morning?"

"Thanks, old man. I am sorry, but I have something else on hand," replies our bachelor in rather an apologetic tone. "What will you have?" But as Bertie sips his whiskey and soda he eyes his friend suspiciously, and wonders to himself, "What the devil is he up to now? It is quite unusual to be left out of his plans like this, and he doesn't like it at all."

Ah Bertie, Bertie, this is but the beginning of the end. Presently, seeing his friend isn't to be pumped, he rises and moves off with. "Well, old fellow, I must be on, am due at the rink now. Sorry you aren't coming. See you later at the club." As he goes out he hears the man telephoning to the stables for the sleigh, and hopes to himself "that there isn't a petticoat at the hoftem of it all. But it looks bad on the face of it." he thinks.

After breakfast our bachelor proceeds to do a little telephoning himself—the long distance line this time, to Ottawa, where he fills with curiosity the soul of his married sister Mabel by a request for her old governess's name now, and address. She gives it, and wants to know "what he wants it for," only to be told "he will write." He chuckles to himself as he jots down the address, and rings up his lawyer to find out where some distant cousins on his mother's side that moved to town some time ago are living. After some little delay he secures their address also—the street is an unfashionable one in the east end of the town. He turns over the leaves of his address book until he finds directions how and where to get to his old nurse. He will give her a pleasant surprise. She hasn't been to pay him her Christmas visit yet, and he wonders why, as it is the first time she has ever failed. He remembers how wistfully each time she has aid, "Some day, Master Percy, you will be driving past my little place, likely, and it is pr

quickly gathers them up and wraps them carefully in soft paper and departs.

Up north into the country he drives, where the air gets fresher and more bracing each minute as the houses are further apart; past farms he drives, barren and bleak looking now, but quiet and peaceful. On he drives, through a tiny village, where an inquiry brings forth the information, "Keep to your right, sir, the first turn, and it is the first house." He keeps to his right, and finds a little white cottage back from the road, glistening in the ice and snow like a sugar house. He goes in through the little garden, followed by a stray proces-

sion of chickens and ducks, up to the door, which is opened to his knock by a round-faced but sad-looking young woman. She brightens up wonderfully at seeing him, for although it is the first time, well she knows who it is from "Nurse's" fond and oft-repeated description. She is Nurse's son's wife, and she detains him a minute or two on the step to tell him "how feeble her mother-in-law has been all winter, and that she is failing fast, but "it is proud she will be to see you this day, sir." He follows her into the little sitting-room, where he finds his old nurse propped up with pillows in a big chair; and when he sees the light at sight of him in the dim old eyes, he is glad and thankful that he has come, and as he notes how worn and white the patient, kind old face has grown he feels he has been a brute for not coming before.

"I missed your visit so at Christmas, 'Nursie,' "he cried. "You see, I had to come and pay you one at New Year."

And Nursie just smiles lovingly at "her boy" and is very happy. She calls his attention to the comfort of her chair, a gift long ago, he had forgotten, but it reminds him of the roses, and oh! they were a happy thought.

At last he gets up to go, laden with some newlaid eggs "son's wife" has done up with great precaution for him to take back. He kisses Nurse and presses into her hand the belated Christmas gift, and tells her that now he has found her out he will come again, and bring some good old "port" he has that will soon set her up "fine as a fiddle." The tears well into Nurse's old eyes at his kindness, but she softly shakes her head and asks him to come very soon again. She will be looking for him now. He is surprised, driving back, to find that the whole morning has gone, and that he is awfully hungry.

After lunch, a cigar and a nap, he is away to pay his

will be looking for him now. He is surprised, driving back, to find that the whole morning has gone, and that he is awfully hungry.

After lunch, a cigar and a nap, he is away to pay his other visits. He finds his sister's former governess at home and really pleased to see him. She has expanded into a comfortable-looking matron and they laugh away a great part of the afternoon, recalling his boyish pranks. She tells him her husband has just got over an attack of grippe and is still far from well. At that he remembers the newlaid eggs still in his sleigh, as he had forgotten to remove them, and he dives out after them, the very thing for an invalid.

It is twilight, and the small house in the unfashionable street where his mother's distant cousins live looks very inviting with the firelight flickering on the windows as he rings the bell. They are at home, mother and daughter, looking like sisters; the pretty widowed mother is still so young and fair, the girl whom he has never met before is lovely. He sees that at once, and the mother has changed very little in these passing years. What a charming manner they both have, and their little drawing-room is so pretty and comfortable that he is indeed lucky to find them receiving, as he tells them presently. He hears that this lovely young cousin of his gives singing lessons, and regrets on the spot that he can't sing, but he can, and does, listen, as he drinks his tea in the firelight, to a sweet, clear voice singing his favorite songs. How graceful she is, and how becoming that soft, dark red gown. And then reluctantly he says good-by, and is very, very thoughtful as he drives home. How sweet, how pretty they are, both mother and daughter, he thinks. Also he reflects upon the time he has lost, and wonders how soon he may decently go to see them again.

My Orders.

#### My Orders.

Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald is a Canadian writer whose poems have won for her a high place among modern authors; but she has written nothing better nor braver than these eight lines:

My orders are to fight.
Then if I bleed and fail, Or strongly win, what matters it? God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose. My orders are to fight.

-Christmas "'Varsity."

#### How Claude Duval Danced with a Lady of High Degree.

A ND now we take flight over the centuries, and, settling on the year 1656, come upon a young Frenchman, the son of a miller of Normandy, who, after running away from home, was for a year a stable-boy in Rouen and then journeyed across to England as footman in the train of a certain English nobleman.

Only a footman, an obscure, unnoticed personage, yet destined to become one of the most noted characters of his time.

Only a footman, an obscure, unnoticed personage, yet destined to become one of the most noted characters of his time—none other, in fact, than that handsome, reckless scapegrace, Claude Duval.

Always magnificently mounted and equipped, combining a fine courage with a handsome face and the most charming personality and manners, Claude Duval was the darling of all the common people, the admired of all the ladies of highest degree, and the most fearless rascal that ever held up coach or waxlaid horseman. waylaid horseman.

was never one to resort to so rude a weapon as the

He was never one to resort to so rude a weapon as the pistol if gentler methods could attain his ends; to demonstrate which, one has but to recall the occasion on which he rode forth in all his glory to attack a coach in which were seated a certain knight and his lady.

It is to be feared that the former was made of weaker stuff than his wife, for, whilst he seems to have made no sort of attempt at self-defence, the lady, seeing the horseman approach, endeavored to show him her courage by playing a tune on her flagcolet.

on her flagcolet.

This was entirely after Duval's own heart. Pulling a flagcolet from his own pocket, he joined gaily in the air, and in this truly original fashion approached the vehicle.

Springing from his horse, he bowed low in the most approved fashion, then, addressing the knight, he stated in his most courtly manner that as the lady played so divinely he felt convinced that she must dance with equal grace. Might she not alight and bestow upon him the honor of stepping a courant with her on the heath?

In no way displeased, out stepped the lady, and together

In no way displeased, out stepped the lady, and together she and Duval danced, the latter playing the air on his flageolet and executing the most intricate steps with the greatest dexterity, nowithstanding the fact that he was wearing heavy top-boots.

dance concluded, Duval handed the lady back to the coach, but, as the knight was also about to enter, the high-wayman detained him, and taking him aside with a confiden-tial air, pointed out that the music was not yet paid for. But the knight declared that indeed he never forgot such

things; saying which, he returned to the coach and handed Duval therefrom a bag containing £100.

Duval expressed himself as delighted by this generosity, and declared that after such open-handed treatment he would

Duval expressed himself as delighted by this generosity, and declared that after such open-handed treatment he would not think of touching the other £300 which he knew the coach to contain. And with that he gave the couple a pass to insure their safety at the hands of other highwaymen, kissed his hand to the lady, and so rode lightly away.

So nice a rogue as was Duval ought most certainly to have met with a gallant and romantic death. Alas, such was far from being the case! Apprehended in Chandos street whilst intoxicated, he was hanged at Tyburn on January 1st, 1669, giving his age as twenty-seven years. "So much," we are told, "had his gallanties and handsome figure rendered him the favorite of the fair sex, that many a bright eye was bedimmed at his funeral, whilst his corpse was bedewed with the tears of beauty."

bedimmed at his funeral, whilst his corpse was bedeved with the tears of beauty."

He was buried with the utmost impressiveness in the middle aisle of Covent Garden Church, the large mourning procession which accompanied the coffin being composed almost entirely of ladies

A good deal of all this charm which he is said to have ex-ercised over the fair sex must, of course, be allowed to ex-aggeration, but there can still remain no doubt that Claude Duval must have been a scamp of quite extraordinary personality.-"Royal Magazine."

#### The Kestrel and The Sparrows.

A young Owlet once saw a Kestrel being mobbed by a Flock of Sparrows, who flew after him, chattering, scolding, swearing, and calling him every bad Name in the ornitho-

logical Dictionary.

"That Kestrel must be a very wicked Bird, Mamma." said the Owlet to her Parent. "Do you hear all the bad Things they're saying about him?"

"Nay, my Child, they are not abusing him because he is wicked." answered the Mother-Owl.

"Why, then, Mamma?" demanded the inquisitive Owlet.

"Oh, merely, my Pet, because he has made himself a Bird of Mark in the Forest, while they themselves remain unnoticed and obscure." Moral: The Carpings of small Minds are their sincerest Tribute to the Success of the Great.—London "Truth."



MACLEAN OR ALVERSTONE.

Billy Maclean-O.K. this cheque of mine, Mr. Bull and save giving Uncle Sam the Hudson Bay as an award.

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a fugitiv head. I

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backwar

they

#### Anecdotal.

A woman who teaches in a college for grits vouches for the truth of this story. She presides over one of the college dining-tables at which sit a dozen students. One day some curly lettuce was beaught. one day some curly lettuce was brought on. A freshman looked at it and ex-claimed, "How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! How does she do it?"

James Lane Allen has some friends who have an Irish maid, green as the proverbial grass, named Bedelia. Bedelia had a sore throat, and the family physician was asked to prescribe. "Shure, an' he's the wonderful man," said Bedelia. "He told me I must wear flannens. How could he discover jist by the state of the state lookin' down my throat that I'd never a

It is related that when Daniel Webster's market man had sued him for a long unpaid bill and got his money, he was so scared at his temerity that he stopped calling at the door for orders. The godilke Daniel asked him why one day, and the man confessed that he supposed Mr. Webster would never tradewith him again. "Oh," said Webster, "sue me as often as you like, but, for heaven's sake, don't starve me."

Talbot J. Taylor, son-in-law of James R. Keene, was accosted one bright morning not long ago by a graybeard with one leg, hobbling along Broadway. "For God's sake, sir." he began, but the broker interrupted him with some severity. "Don't take the Lord's name in vain, my friend," he said. The beggar's rather intelligent face was illuminated with a faint smile. "It will be your fault, sir," he said, "if I do take it in vain." Thereupon the broker also smiled, and his hand went quickly to his pocket.

A Russian lady, admirer of Rossini, having watched the composer on his Caily promenade during several days sent a message to his house expressive of her desire to be received by him. The reply to this strange communication was: "I do nothing for nothing. If the lady brings me a very fine bunch of asparagus, she will be welcome, and she can take a view of me at her leisure." Then, pointing to his waist, which had attained a somewhat aldermanic rotundity, he is said to have added: "The lady may even walk around me if she pleases, but I must have my asparagus."

Franklin Pierce, at the time of his romination for the Presidency of the United States, in 1852, was scarcely known to the public at large. When the news of his nomination reached Boston a well-known orator was addressing a Democratic meeting. The chairman whispered the name of the candidate to him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor to announce to you the nomination for President of that great statesman, that illustrious citizen, that noble man whose name is known wherever the flag floats—whose name is a household word—whose name—whose name." turning to the chairman—"what the dickens did you say his name was?" the dickens did you say his name was

butcher a horse to which he took a great fancy. He had the animal groomed, and with pride that was evident even in so undemonstrative a man as Grant, he took Senators Conkling of New York and Jones of Nevada into his stable. Grant asked the senators how they liked the new horse. Conkling shook his head. "What's the matter, Mr. Senator?" asked Grant. Conkling looked the horse over and said. "What did you give for him, Mr. President?" "Four hundred dollars," "ITm!" said Conkling. "I'd rather have the four hundred dollars than the horse." Grant puffed a cloud of smoke and replied, in his usual cool manner, "That's what the butcher thought." butcher a horse to which he took

While Senator Thomas C. Platt o. While Senator Thomas C. Platt of New York was enjoying his recent honeymoon he was approached by a certain 
Fennsylvania politician of note, who 
said: "See here, senator, you won't mind 
if I say confidentially that you're no 
taving beauty. Now what I'd like to 
know is how your wife was ever attracted to such a plain person as you are?"
"I'm glad you asked me," returned the 
senator, smiling broadly, "and I'll tell 
you—in the strictest confidence, of 
course. She first fell in love with me 
through seeing the newspaper pictures 
which the cartoonists made of me. You 
Pennsylvania fellows made a mighty 
serious mistake when you abolished cartoons—you'll never any of you get married."

Once while lunching with a friend who knew something about the habits and eccentricities of good wine, James McNeill Whistler was telling about the peculiarities of Henry James, how James would drag a slender incident through several pages until it was exhausted.

The Book Shop.

### Fountain Pens Make Good Gifts ....

Nothing much more appreci able to refined woman or busi ness man because of their great utility, being almost necessity now-a-days. We

#### Only the Reliable Pens

A large stock to select fromevery Fountain Pen we sell is guaranteed to be as represen ed or money will be refunded

Inspection Cordially Invited.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co., 8 KING STREET WEST Whereupon his friend casually remarked: "The best of wine is spoiled by too small a spigot." "What's that you said? Did you get that out of Shakespeare?" "Not at all; it is What's that you said: Did you get that out of Shakespeare?" "Not at all; it is simply a physical fact that if you let good wine dribble through a small spigot you lose its fragrance and character." "God bless me, but I believe you are right," cried Whistler, in delight; "and it's a good saying—it's James to a—drop."

Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president of the Confederacy, was one of the most skilful debaters Georgia has ever sent to Congress. The author of "From the Uncivil War to Date" tells of one occasion on which Stephens met defeat. He had made a speech at a political rally to which it seemed impossible to reply. A man named Russell was at last persuaded to take the stand. He at once attacked the record of his opponent with groundless charges. "Now," he demanded, "stand up here and explain to these voters why, when you were in Congress, you voted for a five-hundred-dollar property qualification for franchise." "Little Alex" jumped up. His shrill voice was ear-piercing. "It is false!" he screamed. "I deny the fact," "Yes," said Mr. Russell, "that is what I expected you to do. For twenty years you have been going round denying facts." The audience roared in delight, and "Little Alex" left the hall. He said years afterward that he had never again used "fact" in that familiar but illogical way.

#### For Singers and Speakers. The New Remedy for Catarrh is Very Valuable.

A Grand Rapids gentleman who repre sents a prominent manufacturing con-cern and travels through central and southern Michigan, relates the follow-ing regarding the new catarrh cure. He

"After suffering from catarrh of the head, throat and stomach for several years, I heard of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets quite accidentally, and, like everything else, I immediately bought a package and was decidedly surprised at the immediate relief it afforded me, and still more to find a complete cure after several weeks' use.



"I have a little son who sings in of hoarseness. He was delighted with heir effect, removing all huskiness in a ew minutes and making the voice clear "As the tablets are very pleasant to be taste, I had no difficulty in persuad-

"As the tablets are very pleasant to the taste, I had no difficulty in persuading him to use them regularly.

"Our family physician told us they were an antiseptic preparation of undoubted merit and that he himself had no hesitation in using and recommending Stuart's Catarrh Tablets for any form of catarrh.

"I have since met many public speakers and professional singers who used them constantly. A prominent Detroit lawyer told me that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets kept his throat in fine shape during the most trying weather, and that he had long since discarded the use of cheap lozenges and troches on the advice of his physician that they contained so much tolu, potash and opium as to render their use a danger to health."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges composed of catarrhal antients is the Red Catarrha antients in the Red Catarrha antients in the Red Catarrha antients in the Red Catarrhal antients is the Red Catarrha antients in th

Blood Root, etc., and sold by druggist-everywhere at 50 cents for full treat

ment.

They act upon the blood and mucous membrane, and their composition and remarkable success has won the approval of physicians, as well as thousands of sufferers from nasul catarrh, throat troubles and catarrh of stomach.

A little book on treatment of catarrh mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart Company, Marshall, Mich.

#### His Problem.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Gillingberry; "I uess I've got one of the intellectualest omilies in these parts—always takin" ip with something that calls for the

Is that so?" politely murmured the

"You bet. Now, there's mother, she's upstairs this mornio' with a set of newspaper puzzle-pictures, an' if she solves 'em an' writes a good serial story o go along with 'em she gets at least of dollar; an' my daughter Lizzie is coverin' the dinin'room floor with sheets o' paper that she's been figurin' on try-m' to find out how old Ann is; an' Henry, ne's determined to work the bigs-in-clover puzzle with three shakes in' a wiggle of his hand; an' Jim—that's lim over by the fence—he's studyin' up a new way to work the fifteen puzzle. He's worked on that for ten years an' hinks he's pretty near got it."
"But you—what problem are you deoted to?"
"Who—me? My problem? Oh, I

"Who-me? My problem? Oh, l ork out the puzzle of keepin' the fam-together." "Judge."

### No Objection.

"Yes, I love soldiers. But you are not son of Mars."
"No, but I wouldn't mind being her

EEK before last I told m readers about the little man who, ragged but uncomplaining, was par-ading the streets in be-low zero weather, until low zero weather, until the war raging between his home rulers should have ceased. And just before Christmas a great-hearted, big, beaming Santa Claus came bundling into the office where I chanced to linger and pushed into my hand the wherewithal to rig out that small boy in Imperial (limited) style! That's when one realizes that a man occasionally reads what a woman writes. Only the finest of men do, of course. The small boy will never know his benefactor, being loaded up with a tale of a good angel which opened his lovely deep blue eyes wider than ever, but three know—the Great One and Santa and I—and that's enough for all practical purposes. for all practical purpos

Coming down a steep office stair I happened on the little old woman on Christmas Eve. She was prone, listless, weary, on the lowest step, her tidy splint basket beside her, with its scrub-brush and cloths neatly packed side by side. For one shivering instant I paused before the thin little form, the drawn, tense face, the closed eyes, for I thought the little old woman had resigned her position as cleaner-out and gone where they may polish, but not scrub, if one takes the literal view of the oldest inhabitant. But in that instant the little old woman opened her eyes, the rale takes the literal view of the oldest inhabitant. But in that instant the little old woman opened her eyes, the rale Irish twinkle being in them, and thus said she: "Can you pass me, lady? I'm that tired I must rest a bit before I go home. I've finished taem, but 'tis a hard day's work." Something twisted at my heart at that moment until I nearly cried out. The little old woman continued: "Tis a bad day for old folks, but to-morrow will likely be better. The mud's all on me boots; a gentleman gave me them." And she put out her little Doublin foot, where, God save them! they have the prettiest feet in the world. Don't ask me how I made the intimate acquaintance of the little old woman in about three minutes; 'tis the Irish way of us. It became a fine day and new boots for her shortly, and I took her loving blessing and bright, glad smile as the next best thing to the one I didn't get this year from that other little old lady who has confided to me a very beautiful secret, how happy she was when I gave her, so many years ago, her first taste of the full cup of woman's bliss, the sweet, pure joy of motherhood.

One gets second sight at this season, finding the dark hearts of one's neighbors illumined by all sorts of stray gleams, realizing that there is an interest beyond all the dreams of romancists in many a quiet and hidden life around the contract of the co brought face to face with these unsus-pected dramas. One feels like putting off the shoes or baring the head when one realizes all at once that the "ground is holy ground." Life becomes a deep is holy ground." Life becomes a deep and moving thing, outside and beyond its flatness, tawdriness and sin. One has a glimpse outside the stone wall of cane's prejudice, carelessness, selfishness, which lives and lasts. And, perhaps most poignant of all, one stops pretending to be happy oneself; pretending to be lighthearted, contented, satisfied, genial, generous and sympathetic, and lavs bare the real thing with suicidal recklessness, for life is made up of pretenses, as one for life is made up of pretenses, as one comes to realize, and we cannot live just as we really are. It is in this hour of El advised honesty that a man goes bunting for a gun, or a woman manoeures. In occession, and the control of nunting for a gun, or a woman manoeuvres to possess a small modicum of some deadly drug. We, who are either stronger or more philosophical, look at the real nakedness of our exile souls, shudder appealingly, then cover all up with the tinsel of pretense, and are laughing before we know it. You who think without moravity, is it not so?

A mother who sometimes is impatient and outspoken to her boy was, in a A mother who sometimes is impatient and outspoken to her boy was, in a gentle and serious mood, explaining the idea of Hades to him. "There is always serrow and crying and regret there," she said impressively, "and no love, but hatred of each other. They would hate little children and find them a nuisance."
The little boy caught his breath. "Oh, roother, and will you have to go there, then?" he cried, in tones of horror.
Tableaut. Tableau!

A small girl who has imbibed the slang habit from an older brother was the other night saying her prayers in a rather mechanical manner. When she made a dive for her bed, her mother checked her transit with a reproachful remark: "Minnie, you forgot to pray for grandma!" Instantly Minnie sank on the rug again and, clasping her hands, said, penitently, "O Lord, I forgot to pray for my grandmother! Wouldn't that give you cold feet?"

A devoted doll-lover of three years was fully informed as to Hades, and demanded information about paradise. After having been properly instructed on orthodox lines, she sighed anticipatively, and remarked to her Christmas doll, a radiant Parisian importation, "Oh, won't we have a lovely time there!" "But," said her orthodox aunt, "you won't be able to take Angelique to heaven, you know." The child considered, then asked, "May I take Babette!" "Oh, certainly not." "Nor my china baby, nor my soldier dolly!" "No." "Oh, wor certainly not." "Nor my china baby, nor my soldier dolly?" "No." "Oh, well, then," said the mite resignedly, "I'll just take my old rag doll and go to hell, I think."

A Christmas remembrance for every year of my life and an aftermath to grow older on was what Santa Claus brought me this year. You who know the ancient dame I am will think that I have cause to say "thank you" for such a generous and thoughtful lot of friends, one of whom has been so utterly reckless as to write, "May you live as long again and as well again." The latter, by all means, but the former, God forbid! The world is moving so quickly, and I don't want to be left behind at the last.

One Christmas greeting I value above

# W.A.Murray & Colimited

### Wear a "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe and Avoid Foot Fatigue.

In everybody's foot there is one weak spot. The toes are strong, the ball of the foot is firm, the heel is unyielding, but the arch of the foot under the instep is a weak place.

Being arched it is wholly unsupported; being weak it is the one place that gets tired. But all the same it's the muscle by which you walk. You stretch it at every stride. It is the one part of the foot that needs to be helped.

The "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe supports the arch of the foot

by a steel curved shank between the inner and outer sole. This shank exactly follows the arch of the foot, and is firmly held in place by sewing the inner and outer soles through and through. It holds its shape and supports the foot. You can walk twice as far without fatigue. Just try on a pair! Sincerely yours,

> Oxfords, \$3.00 Boots, \$3.75



## W.A. Murray & Co. Limited 17 to 31 King St. East. Toronto.

all the others. It has been an anniversary time this Christmas, and it's pretty flat to have the sort of anniversary come along that has come with only one-half of the "celebrant body" present. One of those paper folk who know me better than I thought has sent a greeting and her love (isn't she daring?) to Mr. Gay, who is just now in "cold storage," as a man calls the North-West country. All the same, a warm good "hello" of the sort the female person has sent will reach him in due time, and if the lines are connected I am sure he'll send a reach him in due time, and if the lines are connected I am sure he'll send a merry hail back. At present I can't get Central, so to speak, and I wish the bighearted lady would call up Mr. Gay herself. Not only in this case, but in many another, a bright, hearty holiday message lasts as a reviver during many a lonely day out where the iceman has no status.

LADY GAY.

Lever's Y-Z(Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is a boon to any home. It disinfects and cleans at the same time.

#### When Phyllis Makes Preserves.

When Phyllis makes preserves, My patient spirit werves From home, sweet home, Where syrups foam, Which jurs upon my nerves; There's jars upon my desk, While on a treasured tome Some liquid fell, That would not "jell," When Phyllis made preserves.

When Phyllis maketh jam I feel like saying "Dam—Son plums are good Enough for food Enough for food And ebuilition in extreme," And ebuilition in extreme, "As overboil it would And rankly smoke; It is no joke When Phyllis maketh jam!

Chow-chow and pickles, mince
For pies, of pies the prince,
Does Phyllis make
For my loved sake,
And, tho' sometimes I wince,
Her rich confections I will eat,
Amhresial jam and cake;
Full many a time
Thro' winter's rime.
A dish of plum or quince
Shall bless the will
That made her fill,
Those luscious jars, long since! Those luscious jars, long since!
—Hale Howard Richardson

#### The Lady Bachelors' Club.

THAT'S in a name?" The

girls.

We confess that we are at a loss to conceive the reasons which have dictated these somewhat strange conditated these somewhat strange condi-tions of membership. If we may put the qualifications in another and, perhaps, a simpler form, we understand that every unmarried woman is eligible, except the not insignificant class of those who. not insignificant class of those who, having once been engaged, have had the courage and wisdom to withdraw from what has seemed to them an unwise union. If we add to them the very small class of ladies who admit that they have been jilted—who also are ineligible, though few are likely to present themselves under this heading—the entire race of unmarried women seems to be eccounted for. Now we would wish to ask two questions. Why the singularly ugly name "bachelor"—which in its origin means simply a cowherd and nothugly name "bachelor"—which in its ori-gin means simply a cowherd and noth-ing else—should have been preferred by these five ladies to the dignified old term "spinster," and, secondly, to what class of woman the five original founders

remselves belong.

That they can be married is obvious absurd. Nowadays the average maid-

That they can be married is obviously absurd. Nowadays the average maiden is fully qualified to conduct her own affairs without assistance from her natural enemy, the young married woman, and, moreover, it seems grotesque that five ladies who no longer suffer from the opprobrious term should have combined to seek salvation from it.

That they are engaged seems equally unlikely. Setting aside the two classes whom they have intentionally excluded from their own society, there remain but those who have refused and those who have never had the chance of accepting a proposal. That they belong to the latter we are incapable of believing; they would at any rate be unwilling to base any argument upon that assumption. But it leaves as the only possible clue to their action the suspicion that five ladies have been found who have repented of their refusals and now wish to cover their tracks.

now wish to cover their tracks. Most men will, we fancy, be satisfie

A LL the members of Mr. Mosery of party were delighted with the reception accorded them wherever they went in the States. An unofficial reception committee looked carefully after their comfort and encertainty to the laboratory of the comfort and the carefully after their comfort and encertainty. carefully after their comfort and enter-tainment. Actually it laid out too elab-orate a programme, leaving little room for the exercise of individual prefer-ences. However, the time of the com-mission was limited. Moreover, the eviences. However, the time of the commission was limited. Moreover, the evident purpose was to have the visitors learn the things that it would be well for them to learn, and not to contaminate their minds by contact with conditions and practices not approved by the cicerone-in-chief. The first impression received, accordingly, was that the American schools are so far in advance of anything done in England that but little encouragement could be derived from a study of them. An observation that seemed to stand out with special prominence was that much more money was being expended upon public education here than the English people could ever be induced to appropriate. The fine equipment of the institutions shown to the visitors looked hopelessly expensive. The well-paid teachers of the schools underscored in the programme worked out for their sight-seeing were found to be in every way better prepared for educational work and far more enthuiastic than the British type, the consciousness of whose existence could not be got rid of. But matters the consciousness of whose existence could not be got rid of. But matters began to look more comforting after a few independent members of the com-mission had ventured out on scouting tours, and brought back news of schools

the first list.

In comparing notes shortly before the return to England, the members of the commission found that their visit, in spite of many drawbacks, had been a most profitable one. They were convinced that Great Britain had many things to learn from the United States in matters concerning provision for public education. They had discovered many things also in which the schools of their country were superior, and where Americantry were superior, and where Americans HAT'S in a name?" The question was raised many years ago, but the answer then implied seems now to lack convincing power.

Some few ladies have, it appears, determined to abolish a simple, expressive tand apparently innocent word not only from official documents, but from the English dictionary as well. A club is perhaps to be founded whose members shall belong to one of three not unusual classes: (1) Girls who are not single by reason of the fact that they have never had the opportunity of rejecting an offer of marriage; and (3) engaged to this policy. But they could not help noticing many deficiencies, especially in practices that were pointed out as unique departures. Neither were they able to remain so firm as to refuse absolutely to yield to professional requests for criticisms. Thus some direct benefits were gathered for the use of our own schools from the investigations made by the Mosely Commission.

A Hartford youngster goes to church where the concluding "Amen" of the parson's prayer is sung by the choir. The other night, after he had said his prayers, he produced a harmonica from beneath his pillow and astonished his mother by blowing a blast where the "Amen" came in, remarking: "That's the way we do in church."—Hartford "Post."

General Gordon says that on one oc-casion during the Civit War a threatened attack of Federal troops brought to-gether a number of Confederate officers from several commands. After a con-ference as to the proper disposition of troops for resisting the expected assault, troops for resisting the expected assault, the Southern officers withdrew into a

small log hut stanung near, and united in prayer to Almighty God for His guidance. As they assembled, one of the generals was riding within hailing distance, and General Harry Heth of Hill's corps stepped to the door of the log cabin and called to him to come and unite with his fellow-officers in prayer. The mounted general did not understand the nature of General Heth's invitation, and replied: "No thank you, general; no more at present; I've just had some." more at present; I've just had some."



WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30 TO DECEMBER 1, 1904.

### FOR NEW YEAR'S VACATION

will issue return tickets. a Single First-Class Fare, Good going De

At First-Class Fare and One-Third, going

Through transcontinental train leaves Toronto at 45 p.m. daily for Winnipeg, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke and Vancouver.

A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, 1 King St. E.,

## WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30-DEC. 1, 1904

### NEW YEAR

HOLIDAY RATES Between all Stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and East, also to Detroit and Pt. Huron. Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Susp. Bridge and Niagara Falls, N.Y.

### Rate and Single First-Class Fare Round Trip

Good going Dec. 31st and Jan. 1st valid returning until Jan 4th, 1904. Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip. Good going Dec. 30th, 31st and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan, 5th, 1904.

J. D. McDONALD.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes 190 Brunswick Ave.

### In the Kitchen.

The purity, whiteness and dryness of Windsor Salt makes it an ideal Salt for the dairy and hitchen kitchen. It does not cake-it

dissolves easily — it is nothing but pure Salt.

Windsor Salt.

BEST GROCERS SELL IT.



## DOMINION BREWERY CO.

BREWERS and MALSTERS

Manufacturers of the Celebrated...

WHITE LABEL JUBILEE and

INDIA PALE ... HL

The above brands are the genuine extrac of



WATER PURITY

Pure, hard water is the

most important ingredient

Water used in Carling's Ale

is taken from a series of springs with solid rock bottoms at depths of more

than 1000 feet, and is conducted to a

Is entirely free from acid or alkaline and

Ask for Carling's Ale - accept no other, be-

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

weariness, is quickly removed by

stone-paved reservoir

any kind of impurity.

cause no other is quite so good.

mited

1904

tigue.

One of these amateurs returned recently with a picture snapped by him in a village far back in the interior, which is probably unique, both in point of subject and in point of the daring and cunning necessary to obtain it.

It is a photograph showing thirty-seven skulls piled up on a scaffold of bamboos.

These skulls are the trophies of a single savage. He was immensely proud of them, and had the display neatly arranged by the side of his hut.

The savages in this village were not good persons for a photographer to meet. Their chief articles of clothing were a blowpipe full of poisoned darts, a keen curved knife about three inches long and a long harpoon-like spear with a proces on the end of it.

long and

With

through

want to

rved knife about three inches a long harpoon-like spear with the end of it.

he spear they reach out after and drop the noose over his he seems likely to be a tough they pierce him neatly he back of the neck. If they have some fun before killing merely jerk the victim over and then sit on him restand then sit on him rest-

At home they boil or smoke the terrible relies and then either hang them in the rafters of the huts or pile them

he showed it to a native sub-

police, who recognized her as iter of the most bloodthirsty ill, a man who ruled a tribe

become notorious throughout

h-eastern part of Asia. One year his warriors had engaged in a forays, during which they mas-nore than seven hundred Japan-

it Chinese, whose heads were all in the huts of the tribe.

amateur photographer has been ing ever since how he managed this picture of the woman and by with it and with his own head.

UT in the street—the straggling loose-strung street, where the

if trace indications of unusual pros-trace indications of unusual pros-y. To the uninitiated it was a gling line of one-story shacks, be-ng promisingly enough with a red-hotel and trailing off into prairie

Boom Towns.

His guidne of the
ailing dish of Hill's
f the log
come and in prayer, nderstand nvitation, eneral; no some."

d going De

Toronto at beg and the

nd united

ATION

rthur, Sault

AR

re are no boom towns in Canadaexcept Dawson City—as we un-boom towns. There are towns have sprung into importance in a ears, such as Edmonton and Calexistence of long standing, and have only increased in ratio to the prosperity

off the surrounding country.

In Canada incorporation is a prize to which every proper town aspires. It is a goal to which the newest village that was ever tacked on to a C.P.R. elevator Consequently, men from the back places are inveterate liars, though this may be said in their favor, that they believe all they tell. Brag! There is no brag quite like it.

you can find time it will pay you "If you can find time it will pay you to stop off at Wrinkles. A fine town, yessir. I don't suppose there's another town like Wrinkles in all Canada. We've got as magnificent a church as you've ever seen outside of Montreal; banks, court house, post-office, hotel; and we're just installing electric light and a car service."

u know Wrinkles.
las! That the bank, post-office and court house are beneath one humble cof; that the hotel is kept by Hec thow; that the church is a microscopic barn with a wooden steeple; that the electric light and car service are unblushing myths

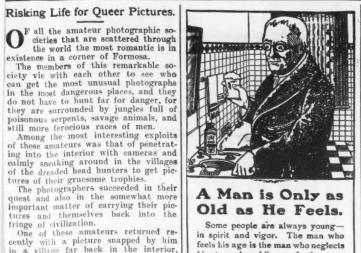
Or it is, "You ought not to miss Bear's Head Creek. I don't want to brag about it, but you'll be surprised. Don't lewe Canada without seeing it. We've go a newspaper there, too, that will interest you."

You go.

It is, indeed, a thriving township, and
to newspaper is a fact. The day you
to newspaper been big happenings arrive there have been big happenings in Bear's Head Creek. Behold the front

page of the paper.
Across four columns, in black type—"Jacal firm gets a thousand-dollar contract. Contractor O'Grady, in open com Petition, secures order for erecting new hotel, Successful competitor speaks with Gazette' man, and expresses confi-dence in the future of Bear's Head Creek."

Lest it be thought that I am attempting to poke a poor form of fun at these little Londons struggling for recognition, let me say right here that I know no fiber, no more inspiriting sight than is



#### A Man is Only as Old as He Feels.

Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative-it removes all poison from the system. Purifies and enriches the blood. It keeps the liver and kidneys active. Abbey's possesses the rare quality of being a bowel and stomach tonic, without any re-actionary effects. At all Druggists 25c. and 6oc.

and then sit on him rest-ut his head off at their ease. red heads are slung in nets, a foray the hunters return with his net full of heads er his shoulder.

afforded by the spectacle of the almost Homeric efforts of the average Canadian township of smaller size to justify its glorious faith in the future.

"Here," says the man of the new town, "is a spot which by Providence, by natural position, by extraordinary conditions, and the proximity to the Canadian Pacific Railway is destined to be the Chicago of the West. Let us, the early fathers of the city, prepare the ground for future generations."

So the man of the new town sits on the snake-fence, pufling at his pipe, ureaming dreams, peopling the mellow cornfields with phantom millions; erecting on this patch a sky-scraper, on that a mammoth store, and sacrificing with some regret, but withal a stern sense of outy, the little church and the post-office shack to make place for a tenstoried hotel. tioms.

lographer who got the picture
rity-seven heads had to lie hidrity-seven heads had to lie o pretty and amiable that he e proud of having found such in the heart of the savage and he showed the picture to

office shack to make place for a ten-storied hotel.

And of their faith shall they in a de-gree be justified. Not all of them shall be citizens of a new Chicago—a poor enough ideal, God wot!—but they shall igreatly grow. They shall hit higher than they aim, because that is how the ideal works out; but in the meantime, their news-regaring fight to thrust into their never-ceasing fight to thrust into fame and place the town of their adoption constitutes as fine a display of true patriotism as one may well wish to see.—Edgar Wallace in London "Mail."

#### The Enemy at Our Gates.

Our most persistent foe, Influenza (alias La Grippe), has again commenced active hostilities—opened his winter campaign, so to speak—and it behoves is to repair our defences and prepare to resist attack. For this purpose the most effective agent is Ferrol, which builds up and fortifies the system so that germs have but little chance of effecting an entrance.

UT in the street—the straggling, loose-strung street, where the noble red man in a plug hat and moccasins trod painfully the d sidewalks, what time his brick-squaw gazed in silent wonderment of a dollar, fifty—the street, with suntidy newness, and the raw, unded edge of things slovenly disdonly he who is initiated into mysteries of colonial development if trace indications of unusual pros-For those who have been unfortunate chough to contract this insidious disease Ferrol is especially recommended as by far the best remedy for overcoming the after-effects and restoring a healthy and normal condition.

### The New House.

May 10.

Dear Julia,

Of course, I understand just how disappointed you are at not being able to stay here this summer to help me superintend the building of our new house, but I'm glad you agree with me that it's much better for you to remain at your father's and get well and strong again, and then come back in the autumn when the house where we hope to spend so Dear Julia, the house where we hope to spend so many happy years is ready for us. You have seen all the plans and approved of them, and you may be sure that they will be carried out to the letter, so it really will make no difference. It is very fortunate that I shall be able this very fortunate that I shall be able this summer to put in practically all of my time right here on the ground. I shall make sure that things are done properly, and, above all, I shall see that there is no delay. I have a gang of excavators engaged to begin work on the cellar tomorrow morning. I must stop and go to bed, as I shall have to be up early.

Robert.

II.

Work on the cellar has not moved

along quite as fast as I hoped; still, we are getting on. I went up early, and, instead of finding a gang of men, found only one man, a large fellow, wearing a heavy gold watch-chain. It appeared that he was the walking delegate of the Cellar Diggers' Union, and had heard that I was going to have the earth drawn away by non-union men, and he said he couldn't let his men work. I didn't know anything about what the teamsters were, and it took all day to find out. However, it was finally established that they belonged to the Team Drivers' Union, so it was arranged that the diggers should begin yesterday morning. They didn't do so, however, because the walking delegate of the Hat Workers' Union heard that I was wearing a non-union hat, and he came up to see about it. I let him explore the hat, and he found a lot of hieroglyphics under the band which I had never seen, and said it was all right and the men could hergin at noon. They didn't an and work. the band which I had never seen, and said it was all right and the men could begin at noon. They did so, and work went on famously until three o'clock, when they came upon a stone about as big as a washtub, and all stopped. I asked what was the matter, and they said that if they rolled out the stone the Rock Hoisters' Union would protest, and they would lose their standing in the Combined Amalgamation of Excavators, so I shall have to engage a gang of rock hoisters to pry it out, after which I'm sure matters will move on again. I am determined to push the work with all speed.

HI.

Dear Julia,

We accomplished less to-day than I hoped, owing to the fact that the men came to a tree root, and I had to telephone to the walking delegate to send up a member of the Tree Rooters' Union to remove it. The diggers and hoisters rested while this was going on, being afraid that he might be a non-union man, but after he proved to be all right they began again. Work went on swimmingly for a couple of hours, when a walking delegate for the Footwear Workers' Union came up and stopped everything on the ground that I was wearing non-union shoes. He said that if I would take 'em off he would see. I didn't like this very well, but I'm so anxious to get on with the house that I complied. He found them union made, and work began once more. The cellar goes on so slowly that I've decided to have the carpenters I've engaged begin work to-morrow on the barn. I think I'd better have some cement walks laid, too, as the walking delegates are tramping down all the grass. Robert.

IV.

May 17.

Dear Julia.

May 17.

May 17.

Dear Julia,

I have been too busy to write as often as I wished. Have had bad luck with the barn. When the carpenters came and found what I wanted them to work on, they were quite indignant—said I would have to get men belonging to the Barnsmiths' Union to do the work. I did so, and a start was made, when a walking delegate from somewhere came along and ordered the men to "knock off" because the lumber I had got was made from trees cut with axes fitted off" because the lumber I had got was made from trees cut with axes fitted with non-union handles. It didn't make much difference, however, as the next day the Conglomerated Aggregation of American Building Constructors ordered a general strike, and everything has stopped. Thought it would be a good time to dig a well, and have men from the Well Diggers' Union at it, assisted by representatives from the Well and Cistern Tree Rooters' Federation. I for-Cistern Tree Rooters' Federation. I forgot to say that the cellar is done. And just this moment I heard that the chicken-coop and hen-housesmiths are not included in the general strike, so I can push work on our poultry building.

Cistern Tree Rooters' Federation. I forgot to say that the cellar is done. And just this moment I heard that the chicken-coop and hen-housesmiths are not included in the general strike, so I cappush work on our poultry building.

Robert.

V.

June 10.

Dear Julia,

Matters have been progressing ratherso-so. The Well and Cistern Tree Rooters' Helpers struck, and as the men wouldn't root with non-union helpers, the work stopped for several days. But the well is done at last, and by great good luck, between strikes, I got the cellar wall finished. The cellar had caved in on one side, but I got men from the Caved-in Cellar Repairers' Union and this was soon remedied. The poultry house lags, however; since the smiths could put it up only in a general way, as it were, both the hen-house shinglers and the chicken-coop door hangers being out in the general strike, But I wish you could see the cellar—all completed, and really a very snug, cozy and homelike cellar it is, too.

Dear Julia.

Matters stand much as they did. It's later that I have but one cub, "dozen!"

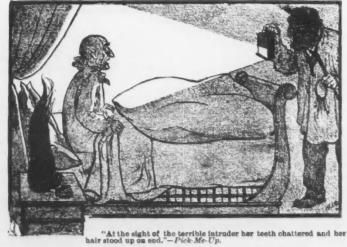
"It is true that I have but one cub," "eturned the lioness, proudly. "But I would call your attention to the fact that he is every inch A LION!"

Fishes spawn prodigiously, while stars are procreated only one in an age. The giant chrysanthemum reaches its stale non the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it its alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a single refection of flufly beauty only when it sits alone on the stem. Let a

Dear Julia. Dear Julia.

Matters stand much as they did. It's a beautiful cellar, and the hen-house is all right, so far as it goes. There are a good many walking delegates about, and yesterday one of them fell into the well. I pulled him out. Now I hear he's in trouble with his organization because he had a non-minon man rescue him. It's his let a non-union man rescue him. It's his own affair, and I sha'n't worry. I un-derstand that the Rafter Raisers and Roofers' Union has settled its grievance and been released from the strike. If I can hit on some plan to hold our roof up I think I'll have it made. It would be so much done. I have it now! I'll get

Extract From A Novel.



men from the Flag Pole Setters' Union to put up a pole at each corner of the cellar, and then have the roof put on these. After all, we are getting on, you see.

VII.

VII.

VII. September 2.

Dear Julia,
It's all over. Please come home as
soon as you can. Have taken our old soon as you can. Mave taken our our flat for another year. The strike was settled yesterday, as promised, but it seems that the walking delegates have discovered that there was a boycott on the agent who sold me the land, on account of his riding in a street car last winter when there was a strike of the conductors, so the union will have nothing more to do with the house. Have sold the roof for kindling-wood and given the cellar to the fresh-air fund.

#### The Fecundity of Riffraff.

SINGLE pair of Australian rab bits have been known to be come the progenitors of a thousand of their kind in :

thousand of their kind in a single year.

The grunting pig, with its progeny of twelve, is almost as prolific. But who thinks of linking pigs and progress?

The eagle, which dominates the skies, lays but few eggs, while the grasshopper, which cumbers the earth, lays one a second

econd.

A proud mother-jackal, surrounded by the swarm of whining cubs, thus repercached the lioness:

"Good Mrs. Lion, how unhappy you nust be, able as you are to rear only the cub a year, whereas I have a lozen!"

To excel in something useful—even in blacking shoes or in expressing a thoughi—is to live. Next to that comes the attempt to excel—without which

there is no progress.

Every great world-movement—revolution, reformation — is "the lengthened shadow of one man."

Science announces ten errors to every truth.

Science announces ten errors to every truth. So does every creed but one. The world kowtows before a thousand pigmies on pedestals. It goes to market for its opinions, and gets them by number, not by weight.

We are met everywhere by the cry for quantity. More money—more opportunities—more books—more friends, is the demand. Why not first put what we have of friends and libraries and opportunities and dollars to the finest and most complete USE?

Nothing is of value to you excepting

most complete USE?

Nothing is of value to you excepting as you use it.

Real wealth cannot be hearded.

Brains enough most people have; but fearless use would vastly improve the quality; and on the quality of our thinking and feeling depends our position on the ladder of evolution which leads from the pollywog up to the archangel.

We talk too much and are silently receptive to our own souls too little.

We prattle of a million futile things—
the weather, what "he" said and what
"she" said—and so the branny Gab
Grist is ground out forever. time the sheep bleats it loses

Emerson and Socrates were not glit talkers. They rested between large at

It pleases the palate, builds up the body.

BRAIN ELASTICITY

Inability to think rapidly and clearly, through brain

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BYRRH

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## The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited

makes dashed hard reading." What is the use of this avalanche of words words, words, if the words do not give us a new point of view, a greater aspira-tion, and aid somewhat to the truth of

tion, and add somewhat to the truth of the incomplete yesterday?

A clever novelist, leaving the realistic field, writes a romance of colonial days and scores a tremendous success. Forthwith a regiment of clever repeaters, scribbling ditto-men and women follow the leader into the new field, and forthwith the bookshelves groan under a very Ragnarok of colonial novels.

Every imitator attempts the inimitable. He sucrifices the dewy rose to the flower made of muslin, wax and wire.

able. He sacrifices the dewy rose to the flower made of muslin, wax and wire. He copies the shell—the style—the scaffolding of the master-carpenter, but the soul-structure inside he never sees and never reproduces. Worse than all, he leaves his own creative powers in the sleep of undevelopment, the while he emulates the ape and the parrot. Reputations spring up like mushrooms. Characters, on the other hand, grow like the slow sedimentary rocks. Many a great reputation expands like

Many a great reputation expands like a bubble and breaks as easily—because it is as empty and as thinly walled by solid excellence. On the other hand, fine characters are fruits of slow growth meaty to the core.—San Francisco "Bul-letin."

#### World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904.

terances.

Big thoughts are few and far apart, like mountains. There must be Valleys of Rest between.

It is easy for a writer to drop into mere "elbow work" and pen the accepted beliefs of the majority; but we have the word of Sheridan that "Easy writing" tractive feature of the fair. To prepare our readers for the above, which will be, beyond comparison, the greatest fair in the world's history, the Grand Trunk Railway System advertisementin this paper will hereafter weekly mention one or more leading fact or attractive feature of the fair

The Short Route to the South.

Pennsylvania Railroad Through Vestibule Trains Leaving Buffalo Morning and Night Make Direct Connection at Washington for Florida and all Gulf Coast Winter Resorts.

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#### Toronto to New York.

The morning train for New York leaves 9.45 a.m., via C.P.R., arriving New York 10 p.m. same day (except Sunday), via New York Central. Evening train leaves 5.20 p.m. daily, carrying through sleeper to New York and dining car to Ruffalo, arriving New York 7.50 next



HE New York newspapers have been jubilant over the production of Wagner's "Parsifal," which took place at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening of last week. Their critics take pride in the fact that the occasion marked the work's first performance in America, and the first representation outside of the Wagner Theater at Bayreuth, and they are all agreed that scenically New York eclipsed Bayreuth. In regard to the artistic value of 'Parsifal' there is a note of hesitancy in the opinions expressed, and a few discordant chords. The "Sun," for instance, says: "Parsifal' is the child of Wagner's artistic decrepitude. It is a decrescendo in inspiration, a ritardando in invention. More than any other drama of Wagner's does it rely upon the dazzling of the eye to dull the keenness of the musical ear. It is a most imposing pageant set to unimposing music. Wagner fired heaeye to dull the keenness of the musical ear. It is a most imposing pageant set to unimposing music. Wagner fired heaven once with the immolation of Brunnhilde. It was not to be done again. The light on the Holy Grail is white and cold. Strip 'Parsifal' of its scenic and mechanical glories and you will lay bare the skeleton of a system, with only a few shreds of the flesh left upon it. The poem of 'Parsifal' is almost utterly devoid of those great basic elements which make human life dramatic for men and women. Nowhere in it do we see, as in Wagner's other works, the primeval man mechanical glories and you will lay bare the skeleton of a system, with only a few shreds of the flesh left upon it. The poem of 'Parsifal' is almost utterly devoid of those great basic elements which make human life dramatic for men and women. Nowhere in it do we see, as in Wagner's other works, the primeval man and woman at gaze upon one another in the control of the Bayreuth Theater, on the Bayreuth Theater, on the sweetsuff stall. At the back, a little way up the hill, there is a cafe. Between the cafe and the theater there is a shed in which 'artificial glare' is manufactured for the inside of the theater there is a stall of the second of the seco and woman at gaze upon one another in the naked barbaric splendor of desire. Instead of the one passion which makes plays, we are asked to consider the suffering of a man who is as remote from our common sympathies as his figure is from our to the sufference of th from our eyes when it lies recumbent in the seat behind the altar of the Grail, of carnal sin. Tannhauser is more elo-quent than a thousand of him. We see quent than a thousand of him. We see Tannhauser in the grip of the temptress; of the sin of Amfortas we hear talk, talk, talk, while the sufferer himself is carried about upon a litter—a charnel-house sight—making his unending moan to the patient stars. The hero of the story, young Parsifal, comes before us looking like Siegfried, and wearing a musical tag of similar style. In the last act he is bearded and armored, again like Siegfried, and his theme is exfoliated in an umbrageous harmony of trumpets and trombones. But what a tenuous echo he is after all! Siegfried blazes with all the glory of Siegfried blazes with all the glory of manhood; he has hot blood in his veins, and he carves his way through fire and the wrath of a god to the mountain of his heart's desire. Parsifal loves no wo man. He has no passion. He cannot have, for he is the embodiment of asce-tic, or at least, monastic denial. The one emotion which he submits for ou: and admitted to be akin to love. A highly respected sister-in-law it may be, but love is love, and spins the big world down the grooves of time. As an ethical basis of this drama we are asked to car a philosophy of pity, founded on the ethics of Arthur Schopenhauer and amplified by the adoption of certain of the teachings of Buddha. Instead of those beautiful doctrines of redemption through the love and self-sacrifice of weman, so eloquently preached in some of Wagner's other dramas, we are besought to look upon woman as a temptress, and renunciation of love as the highway to

renunciation of love as the highway to heaven. . . . Kundry, the only woman in the play, is an ill-made muddle of inhumanity, who never commands a single instant of sympathy. She strives by service to atone for her sins, which are committed under the spell of Klingsor, the master of evil. She has neither love nor passion. . The noblest scene in the work is the unveiling of the Grail, and the ceremony of the Last Supper. This is not the time for a discussion of the propriety of putting such matters on the stage. Suffice it to say that here Wagner has accomplished one of the most triumphant demonstrations of the most primary to the drama. Music, text, action, scenic form and color, all work logether in an irresistibly potent symphony of symbolism, which no reverent man can hear and see without enotion. It makes 'Parsifal' almost persuasive. On the whole the score is almost one faint, long echo of Wagner's greatest works."

Musical World: "No matter how hears at when he was playing, his most tremendous fortissimo was never harsh. I once remarked to him that his eyes continually changed color. He seemed aware of the fact, for he replied: 'Yes, I know. When I am sad they are gray; when I am land they are gray; when I am land they are gray; when I am land they are gray; when I am and when I am and they are gray; when I am and they are gray; when I am and t On the other side, the "Tribune" critic

thinks that the great strength of "Par-sifal" on its purely musical side is that it rises to heights of lyrical joyousness one moment, and explores the depths sombre passion in the next. And the or somore passion in the next. And the "Times," speaking of the performance itself, says that it was, without doubt, the most perfect production ever made on the American lyric stage. The "Herald" publishes a letter from Mr. Walter Damrosch, who, having seen the Bayreuth production, regrets that Manager Conreid attempted it in New York. The performance he considered frankly operatic, and as wanting in impressiveness and mysticism. Scenes which were eraic, and as wanting in impressiveness and mysticism. Scenes which were deeply moving and impressive at Bayreuth became dull and almost irreverent at the Metropolitan. The chorus was woefully weak and lacking in rhythm, and showed a constant tendency to wander from the pitch. The chorus of brights came completely to grief on their first entrance, and in order to avert complete disaster the orchestra had to stop playing for about ten bars.

Speaking of the imitations of the Bayreuth ceremonials, he concludes: "These are but externals, and cannot reproduce the Bayreuth spirit. These are but mockery of that ideal which Wagner tried to rear in that far-away little country town, and which we, who starve in great cities, can only long for as young Parsifal longed for a sight of the Holy Grail in his long wandering."

as young Parsifal longed for a sight of the Holy Grail in his long wanderings."

of his music can be brought to the homes of the people. Much of his vocal music depends for its appreciation upon the orchestral coloring and the dramatic environment. Transferred to the concert-stage it is often meaningless and therefore uninteresting. The operas of the old masters have a triple advantage in this respect. They can be put on the stage at comparatively trifling expense, they require no extraordinary exercises. stage at comparatively trilling expense, they require no extraordinary executive resources, and they are full of clear-cut melodies that can either be sung or played at home by the average amateur. The excerpts from the Wagner drama that can be transcribed for the piano with effect are, on the other hand, comparatively few, and as for his vocal music, it is practically unheard in the drawing-room, practically unheard in the drawing-room or even the concert-hall. To the masses of the people, therefore, Wagner is still nothing but a name, and his music is as much for the future as in the days when it was first sneered at under that title by his critics.

A good deal has been written about the air of reverence that distinguishes the performance of the Wagner drama the performance of the Wagner drama at Bayreuth, and the impressiveness of the environment of the theater. The following article, from the London "World," seems to give a different view of the matter, and to show that there is as much "profanity" in the surroundings of Bayreuth Theater as there is at Covent Garden Theater or the Metropolitan Opera House, New York: "In front of the Bayreuth Theater, on the right, there is a restaurant. On the left birge on still nights. Between the acts the three restaurants are always full not of devout Wagnerites (the meister advocated vegetarianism), but of Spiers & Ponones, who do just what they will do at the Star and Garter when my Fest-spielhaus on Richmond Hill is finished. The little promenade in front of the theater is crowded with globe troiters. chiefly American and vagabond English, quite able to hold their own in point of vulgarity, frivolity, idle curiosity, and sugarity, frivoity, idle curiosity, and other perfectly harmless characteristics, with the crowd in the foyer at Covent Garden or the Paris Opera. When they have seen every celebrity present pass and repass some twenty times, they become heavily bored and repairs of the components. have seen every celebrity present pass and repass some twenty times, they become heavily bored, and are quite excited at seeing a small contingent from the orchestra, with the familiar Germanband equipment of seedy overcoat and brass instrument, assemble under the portice, and blare out a fragment of some motive from whatever music-drama is 'on' that evening. This is the signal for entering the theater; but nobody moves, as everyone knows that it is only the third blast that means business, when you do not happen to be at a distance—in which case, however, you hear nothing, unless you are dead to windward, with a strong gale blowing. Inside, the 'honorable ladies' are requested by placard to remove their towering headgear; and not one of them is sufficiently impressed with the really religious surroundings to do so. Then the famous 'Bayreuth hush' is secured by a volley of angry sh-sh-sh-es, started by the turning down of the lights; and the act begins. What sanctity there is in all this that is not equally attainable at Boulogne or Bayswater remains to be explained."

Mrs. W. H. Sherwood has some inter esting reminiscences of Rubinstein in the December number of the Boston "Musical World:" "No matter how near "No matter how near I sat when he was playing, his most tre mendous fortissimo was never harsh, once remarked to him that his eyes con binstein was the only one who under-stood 'all the secrets of piano-playing,' and so it would seem. He cared for no one's opinion; he hungered and thirsted for far more than most people dreamed. His playing was not only passionately splendid, it was fearful; there was an unmeasured sorrow in it. I had never heard anything like it before, and I nev-try have since. Sometimes I have thought heard anything like it before, and I never have since. Sometimes I have thought that the state of affairs in his country, which he loved fervently, and for whose oppression his heart ached, affected him very deeply, and helped to make him melancholy; but he would never talk about Russia, and I could not extract an opinion from him. He would sigh and shake his head, and not a word would escape him on the subject."

Probably few amateurs have ever heard of Wasili Safonoff. Yet he is Russia's greatest conductor, and has actually been engaged to conduct one of the New York Philharmonic concerts in Carnegie Hall. The following note about him in the columns of the Vienna "Neue Freie Press" will no doubt prove inter-esting: "Safonoff's strong, thick-set fig-ure denotes great energy. His hair is slightly gray. The mustache and goatee suggest the military man, but the soul-ful, imaginative eyes at once betray the artist. Before Safonoff had spoken a hundred words I knew that he was a nussical enthusiast. In fact, he told tually been engaged to conduct one of nusical enthusiast. In fact, he told ue so himself; and he told me, too, how t had ever been his wish since child and to devote himself entirely to the the Holy Grail in his long wanderings."

It is not at all likely that "Parsifal" will be heard in Toronto for many years, the elaborate scenic equipment and the enormous orchestra required for its effective production making it out of the question for the repertory of a visiting company. Wagner's complexity of method, dramatic and musical, has stood much in the way of the popularizing of his music, except in the great cities of the world. It is astonishing how little Brassin and theory under Zerenba. It

was not until 1895 that General Safonoff acquiesced in his son's wish to become a professional musician. The father was completely conquered by a performance of Glinka's 'Life for the Czar,' which the younger Safonoff led at the coronation in Moscow. His baton commanded a chorus of 2.500 voices, seven military bands, four batteries of artillery and the pells of three church towers. It is bands, four batteries of artillery and the cells of three church towers. It is can, to comprehend that such a com-bination appealed to the old veteran. Safonoff, junior, says that occasionally he feels the traces of military blood in his veins, but it rather helps than him-ders him, for he commands a band of 600 students at the Moscow Conservaory and six children at home."

The Toronto Conservatory of Musi re-opens after the Christmas vacation on Monday, January 4th.

Messrs, Harold Jarvis, Owen A. Smily and W. Spencer Jones returned last Sat-urday from their most successful tour as far east as Halifax, Nova Scotia. They as far east as Halliax, Nova Scotle. They were greeted with very large and enthusiastic audiences at all of their 35 concerts. The audience at Windsor Hall, Montreal, last Friday week, being the closing one of the tour, was a large and fashionable gathering of admirers of the work of this trio of artists.

The Model School of Music (Beverley treet) announces the addition of a d partment for teaching expression and physical culture, to be opened with the New Year, in charge of Miss Hannah. Black, A.T.C.M., whose qualifications are of the very best.

CHERUBINO. of the very best.

The Famous Andreas Guarnerius Violin From the Williams Collection Sold to Alfred De Seve For \$5000.00

Mr. Alfred De Seve, the celebrated vic in virtuos and late soloist of the Bos-ton Symphony Orchestra, now residing in Montreal, Canada, can be congratu-lated upon securing the celebrated An-dreas Guarnerius violin from the Wiliams collection.

great Paganini, and latterly by the fa-mous concert master of the Pablasi mous concert master of the Pablasi Krystall, Leipsic, as his solo instrument on his concert tour through Sweden England, France, Italy, Spain and Portu

We trust this famous instrument will be the means of inducing this great artist to again appear before the public and that the people of Montreal and other Cauadian cities will have the deasure of hearing him play on his

The Williams collection of old violins has been called upon to furnish a num ber of fine instruments-among the re ber of fine instruments—among the recent sales a fine Geisserhoffer, which was sold to Mr. Arnoldi of Montreal for \$400, while Mr. Larsen and Mr. Burns secured instruments at \$190 and \$165 respectively; also Mr. Hill and Mr. Lesser secured instruments of lesser value. The R. S. Williams & Sons Company (Limited), 143 Yonge street, Toronto, have still a few souvenir catalogues of their famous collection, which are free

their famous collection, which are free to violinists.

#### A Scottish Elocutionist.

Mr. A. P. Roxburgh of Paisley, Scotland, fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland and fellow of the Scotlish Society of Literature and Art. is residing in Toronto, at 271 Wellesley street. He comes highly recommended, both as to elocutionary ability and faithful delineation of Scottish, English and Irish characters. Mr. Roxburgh has classes at his residence, and has already been characters. Mr. Roxburgh has classes at his residence, and has already been eminently successful at concerts and other entertainments.

#### The Piano-Player.

I'm the wooden Paderewski, not so pompous but as stiffski, tearing off the soulful scherzo when I'm up against the game.

Allegrettos, obligatos, pianissimos, staccatos, are all Greek to me, but still you'll find I get there just the same. I can drill holes in Lamperti, make old Wagner look like thirty cents, and Mendelssohn feel like a piece of soap when wash-day's done.

Councd, Schumann and Tschaikowsky. Donizetti and Moszkowsky, I can rip each son of a gun.

Coon songs, barearolles, cantatas, tarantellas, fugues, sonatas—they are things that I can easily manipulate O.K.

But the woes that make me weary—give me Chinese beri-beri—are the sixty-dollar rattle-traps on which I'm forced to play.

—"American Art Journal."

-"American Art Journal."

### Fate has Been too Kind to Sir Thomas

Will somebody please take Sir Thoma Lipton to the rear of the stage and tie bim there? For several seasons he has been in the glare of the calcium, and no one has been able to force him into the wings for more than a few weeks at a time. He commands as much attention as King Edward himself, and Americans never seem to weavy of naving him comnever seem to weary of paying him com pliments or of hearing the platitudes with which he returns fulsome flattery Why this state of affairs has continued

who is sir Thomas Lipton and what has he done? True, he is an English knight, but that is only one of the many fine advertisements that he has many fine advertisements that he has been able to obtain for his mercantile business. First of all, he is a merchant, respectable to be sure, yet no more worthy of the adulation of two great nations than Michael Cudahy of porkpacking fame, or Hetty Green of patentimedicine notoriety. He has built several yachts ostensibly to race for America's Cup, but more likely to advertise his groceries, particularly his teas. Even if one takes it for granted that Sir Thomas had for his sole object the lifting of the cup it is still in order to ask what he has done. Each boat that he sends over is advertised as the best yet, and each one is beaten worse than its predecesone is beaten worse than its predeces-sor. He hasn't given us a contest wor-thy the name, and why he should have been knighted as a reward for his fail-

ures is another mystery.

Sir Thomas has spent a fortune in building yachts, but the advertising he got, to say nothing of the honor of knighthood, was worth the price a dozen times over. It is said that during the annual craze over the cup races Lipton's firm discontinues all other advertising. For business wisdom Sir Thomas is apparently more than a match for any Yankee. Indirectly kings and queens and presidents advertise his teas. While he is being feted in America he says a ures is another mystery. he is being feted in America he says a few nice things about the country and

tation declares nun a great man. All the time Tommy has his eye on the tea, Americans says that Sir Thomas is a Americans says that Sir Thomas is a game loser. The plain truth of the matter is that he is not a loser at all. Every yacht race adds another pile of sovereigns to his already great fortune. He can afford to smue when he says, "My boat met a better one." It used to be his custom to add, "Pil be back next year to try it again." The last time he must have thought the game was played out, for, in effect, he said: "I'm done. You're too good for me," but something has happenel recently to charge his mind. ...ow he says that he is going to build another challenger, "The next Shamrock," he said, "will be a lucky four-leafed one."

Now we are in for another overdose of Lipton. He will be interviewed a dozen times a day, and some of these interviews will get into print. No other Englishman, even though he be a really great man and one who has done something worth doing, will get half the attention or a tithe of the praise that will be Lipton's. That is why this peddler knight should be forced into the background. The center of the stage belongs to men of greater merit, higher motives and nobler deeds. game loser. The plain truth of the mat

to men of greater merit, higher motive and nobler deeds.

#### The Professor and The Printer

Printer's errors are, I think, always more or less amusing, and the following is not only "well-found," but true. A well-known college boasted of a very learned professor who, in spite of being a bachelor (or perhaps because of that interesting fact), was a great favorite with the fair sex. On one occasion the great savant delivered a popular lecture on "Ancient Metaods of Filtration," A report appeared in the morning's newspaper under the heading "Ancient Methods of Filtration." ds of Flirtation."

A few days after this, the professor being present at a social gathering, a charming girl said to aim, quite inno cently, "I wish, professor, you would deliver to us your lecture on 'Ancient Methods of Furtation.'" To which art less agreat the great man returned with Methods of Firthtion." To which art-less appeal the great man returned with inimitable dryness, but with a world of sly meaning in his keen old eyes. "With pleasure, madam. But it can only be delivered to a single auditor at a time, and to be interesting should be illustrated with experiments."

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L VALUES IN VIOLINS

Mrs. G. I. Riddell has the deep sympathy of her friends in the loss of her dear mother, one who was beloved by all who knew her for her sweet and gentle nature. Mrs. Greene passed peacefully away after only four days' illness. Mrs. Blackstock Downey left for a two weeks' visit to New York on Tuesday. I heard she was called to the bedside of a very ill friend.

January 2, 1904

Social and Personal.

By request of the Woman's Art Association the following artists have kindly consented to open their studios to the public on Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. F. M. Bell-Smith, 330 Jarvis street; F. McGillivray Knowles, Confederation Life Building; E. Wyly Grier, Imperial Bank Building; Robert F. Gagen, 90 Yonge street; J. W. L. Forster, Manning Arcade, King street west; Mrs. Dignam, 28 Toronto street; Miss Adams, 325 College street; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 18, 15 Toronto street.

a heard she was called to the bedside of a very ill friend.

On T day evening, December 29, at St. Mack's Church, Cowan avenue, Parkdale, Florence E. Watson, third daughter of Mrs. E. Watson, 86 Dominion street, and Mr. Alfred Eccleston were married by the Rev. Mr. Ingles. Promptly at 7 o'clock the bride entered the church, preceded by her fushers and bridesmaids. As the bride's party proceeded to the altar ar. Perrin played the wedding march. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. F. C. Watson of Cleveland. The church was beautifully decorated. The groom's gift to the bride was a muff and stole of mink; to the bridesmaids diamond brooches, and to the ushers pearl pins. The groom's cousin sang during the signing of the register. The bride's gown was of bisque silk voile, made over champagne silk, en train, and having panels of tucked chiffon, finished with Venetian lace; the bodice had a yoke of all-over Venetian lace, with bertha of the same, studded with turquoises. A large blue picture hat, trimmed with lace, white tulle and aigrette, and a shower bouquet of bride's roses, lily of the valley, finished a stunning entourage. The bridesmaids were Miss Helen B. and aiss Evelyn M. Watson, sisters of the bride, who word dresses of green canvas voile over white silk, tucked with yoke and panels finished with briar stitching. The bodice had frills of chiffon and pink rosebuds. Hats of white beaver, trimmed with green panne velvet and large white plumes, and bouquets of pink roses completed the toilettes. Mr. Arthur Eccleston was best man, and Mr. James Dee and Mr. Lowden Morton were ushers. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, and a sumptuous dejeuner was served. The happy couple left, amid showers of confetti and good wishes, for their honeymoon to Montreal and the Eastern States, after which they will reside in Guelph. They received many valuable presents, including cheques from relatives in the Old Country. The bride's going-away gown was of brown and green-flaked tweed

Mr. Ball, manager of Eastern Town-ship Bank, Winnipeg, is in town. He and his wife are guests of Mrs. Young, Spa-dina avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Millichamp are now settled in their new home, 9 Barton avenue, and Mrs. Millichamp and her daughters will receive on New Year's Day.

Miss Ruby Sullivan of Toronto, Miss Belle Campbell of London and Mr. Hany G. Morris of Detroit are the guests of Mrs. S. B. Morris of Rodney, Ont.

Mrs. W. A. Mackinnon and Miss Sampson will, before going to Ottawa, receive with Mrs. Frank Ford, 654 Bath-urst street, on Monday, January 4.

Mrs. C. W. Stringer, late of Peter-boro', is settled at 142 Sorauren ave-nue, and will be at home to her friends the first and third Wednesdays in the month.

Mrs. Robert Whitfeld Ralfe (nee Brown) will hold her post-nuptial re-ception on Wednesday afternoon, January 6th, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. P. J. Brown, 28 Cecil street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. MacKinnon of Ottawa are spending the Christmas and New Year's holidays with Mrs. D. J. MacKinnon at 31 Dunbar road, Rose-

Miss A. Moodie's class of Knox Church met at her home, 49 Borden street, and presented her with a beau-tiful book of poems, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Lawrence Whittemore of Chicago is in town, visiting Dr. Oldright of Oak-leigh, and will be gladly welcomed by his many friends.

Mrs. William Stone, 661 Huron street, will not receive again until after the first of February on account of alterations to her residence.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Wesley Meharry, Port Perry, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Lila Blackstock, to Mr. James Hutchison Scobell of Peterboro'.

The committee in charge of the Argonaut Rowing Club ball report that all arrangements have been completed. Tickets can be had from any of the following gentlemen, and friends of the members must secure their tickets "through a member of the club." Committee—E. W. Hamber, W. D. P. Hardisty, W. R. Wadsworth, Donald Bremner, Hugh Hoyles, T. R. Jones, Lorne Becher, C. J. Forlong, Captain John Law, C. O. Beardmore, C. W. Darling, Walter Green, Temple McMurrich and J. G. Merrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrington Smith have moved into their new house, 159 Madi

The Misses Bethune have taken Mrs. Drayton's house, 18 Elm avenue, Rosedale, for six months .

The marriage of Miss Lillian Behan, daughter of Mrs. G. B. Behan, Mimico, and Mr. Arthur Gordon of "Knoyle." Cooksville, took place on Wednesday, December 16, at Christ Church, Mimico.

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wing to the recent death of the groom's randfather. Sir Melville Parker, the redding was very quiet, only the im-nediate friends of the bride and groom

Mrs. John H. Dunlop holds her post-nuptial reception at 644 Lansdowne avenue, next Wednesday, from 4 to 8.

Bows and Buttons.

Every man must have noticed the bow on the left side of his hat a thou-sand times. Yet how many have ever stopped to consider why the bard should

not be sewn plainly together without any such adornment? This little flat bow is a relie of times when hats were expensive. Then it was customary to tie a cord round the crown, and let the ends hang down on the left side, so that they might easily be grasped if a sudden gust arose. Later on, these ends came to be tied in a bow, and later still they became useless, and were retained simply as an ornament.

Inose two buttons which a tailor always places with care in the small of the back of a morning or frock coat are now like the hatband bow, perfectly useless, yet once had a practical purpose. The full-skirted coats of a century or

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two ago were troublesome when the wearer would indulge in sword play or other violent exercise. The skirts were, therefore, provided with buttonholes, and the buttons, placed where they still remain, served to hold them back and give the wearer's nether limbs full play. Lately a roll collar has become fashionable in the dinner and smoking coat. But all other coats for men have their lapels nicked. The reason for this oddity is said to have arisen in this fashlapels nicked. The reason for this oddity is said to have arisen in this fashion: Napoleon conceived a strong aversion for General Moreau, and made things so hot for his friends that it became no longer safe to express public sympathy with the general. So the admirers and supporters of the latter agreed to nick their coat lapels, thus forming the outlines of the letter M. and in this method to display their sympathy and recognize one another.—"Modern Society."

The Stomach not Indispensable.

At a meeting of medical men in Vienna the other day, Dr. Ullmann presented a woman, of sixty-two years, whose entire stomach had been removed n an operation for cancer. Nevertheless in an operation for cancer. Nevertheless, she digests all her food, and has gained weight since the operation. The doctor stated that the operation of removing the stomach had now been successfully performed over twenty times. The stomach really plays only a small part in the complex act of digestion, its principal use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that without this orean meals have use being that of a reservoir. Hence it is that without this organ meals have to be taken inconveniently often and unusually small. There are several little organs, of complex chemical function, far more indispensable than the stomathy which separates. ach, which are seldom heard of. We could not exist, for instance, without the suprarenal capsules, and the pan-

Coe's Co.

A hustling promoter named Coe Was head of a big cocoa Co. A native named Koko Said, "Pay what you owe, Coe, Or give me the Coe Cocoa Co."

He had other projects, had Coe—Coke ovens were one line, and so
The two coalesced.
Imagine the rest:
"Coe-Koko Coke and Cocoa Co!"
—W. D. Nesbit.

Jack's Past.

Alice—Jack has been awfully reckless, but he declares if I marry him he will blot out the past.

Fred—And are you going to marry him?

him?
Alice—Not me; I'm no blotter!



An Idyl of The Snows.

E was a huntsman bold, of a striking personality. His appearance denoted strength and firmness, and in his attire there shone a contrast of color, which was singularly attractive, for his picturesque scarlet coat, with its dark-green facings, was a vivid, warm also knever the ways against the dull the wrath of a god to e of a wintry land-his heart's desire. Par ago he rode and man. He has no pass by moor and fen have, for he is the emi he was strong and tic, or at least, more open air was life to one emotion which

hearts is pity, a mole to a halt beneath an and admitted 'for lo and behold' on one highly respectnehes was seated a lovely, but the first maiden. To and fro, to and fro, she swayed, her long, waying hair reaching almost to the ground. She seemed to fear no cold, though the chill winds were playing have with her green robe. and shaking with half angry, half play-ful twitches the strings of pearls she wore round her slender throat, and in tiny clusters in her hair, and round her

ntimental turn of mind, he bowed of a sentimental than boldly, and with-low before her; then boldly, and with-out as much as a "By your leave," he kissed her three times on the lips, a man of honor though he was. And thus he

or nonor though he was. And thus he spoke:
"Fair maid, your beauty and charm have bewitched me. I feel a longing in my heart, hitherto unknown, for your sweet companionship, and something within me whispers that it would be well that you and I should be together.

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and all complaints arising from a sluggish Liver. Half a tumblerful taken

Hunyadi János

in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

for always. My name is Sir Holly Tree, and I take the liberty of placing my heart and fortune at your feet, craving your pardon for my abruptness in so do-

ng."
The maiden smiled, but there was no

The maiden smiled, but there was no blush of confusion on her clear and pallid cheek, which looked like wax against the huntsman's coat, so bright and red.

"My name," said she, "is Mistletoe, and my home is on the branches of this ancient tree. Mine is a free and happy life. The cold and bracing winds hurtme not. I love them. Till now the warmth of a lover's kiss has ne'er assailed my lips, and it has awakened in my heart also a longing for your engaging companionship. Poets have written pretty verses about me, and there are many, many legends attached to my name. But thou art the first to thus boldly woo me—as thou shalt be the last."

last."

"Tis well said," answered the knight of the woods, "It is evident that Fate has destined us for each other." He drew her to his side, with a triumphant air, and to look upon they were a goodly pair. She clung to him with confidence; he was so straight and sturdy and self-reliant; she of a timid, trustful nature. "You speak truly," she whispered. "We were made for each other."

So together they wandered through the wood, for he had said "Come!" and his word was law, even already. But ere long a heavy snowstorm commenced to fall. Thicker, thicker, the feathery flakes came down, and still on and on the happy couple strolled, so enamored of each other that all else was forgotten, and when they bethought them to retrace their steps, behold the path was covered, hidden—and they could not find it. "Endurance is my watchword," he cried, and so on they strove together, but they found it not.

And still they roam those woods, amidst the snow, and have for ages past, and will in time to come, this gallant knight, Sir Holly Tree, and his fair mistress, Mistletoe.

JETNA.

#### A Timely Limerick.

There was an ex-Mayor who was "frilly"— In fact, some folks called him a "Willy."

Twas ever his fate
To get there too late,
And the consequence was he looked silly.
—TORONTO.

### Aspersing Their Fathers.

A contributor to the Manchester "Guardian," speaking of the selection of hymns unsuited to the occasion, recalls hearing a lot of rascals singing seriously one morning in the chapel of Manchester prison-

We are traveling home to God In the way our fathers trod.

#### Second Fiddle.

"Ah, sare, permit to me the honor of congratulating you!" said a Frenchman, on being introduced to a municipal magnate. "I hear, sare, zat you and your family play ze music."

"Bless me," said the civic dignitary, "I don't know a note of music!"

"Ah, zat ees your modesty, sare," responded the polite Frenchman. "It cannot be wrong; I hear zat you play second fiddle to your wife."

"Do you trust the reformed canni-bals?" asked the newly-arrived mission-

"I try to trust them," answered the resident missionary; "but it is very diffi-ult not to be suspicious when I sit down to one of their meals and am of-fered mock-turtle soup."—"Judge."

"Did you see that pale young man calling out 'Cash!' at the ribbon coun-ter?"

"Yes."
"Fate is awfully funny sometimes. Ten years ago, when we were boys together, his ambition was to be a mighty hunter and catch mountain lions with a lasso." —"Tit-Bits."



The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor reguests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Onta. up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 5, Quota-tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied, h. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studies.

are not studies.

Eee.—What day in October? I cannot do anything for you in the zodiacal line without exact date. Your writing is very bright, ambitious, clever and hopeful, with some originality and a good deal of sympathy and tact. If not too insistent and energetic, you should be an ideal terson to live with. Give yourself your rightful heritage, an outdoor life, as much as possible. You are so appreciative of beauty in every shape and so well balanced a character, and you are probably discreet and careful in your dealings with others. No need to be anxious about your delineation with such a good study. You may be a bit over-careful of impressions and just a little anxious for approbation. You deserve it.

Katrinka,—I. I am glad you said you

of impressions and just a little anxious for approbation. You deserve it.

Katrinka,—I. I am glad you said you would wait patiently for a month. As you see, it is a little more. I don't know that I should have taken you for a man but if I had, it would have been for a very nice but easy-going chap, who would never set the Thames on fire. It is somewhat unusual for a girl's writing, though, and I wonder what it is you are so anxious to succeed in, not the property feminine pursuits, unless it be nursing. I am sure. You are very affectionate and love all the luxuries of life; are very tratek, but discreet also. I am glad you are so appreciative of our paper. You are brightly perceptive, not very keenly practical, but clear and sensible in you thought. The temper is most amenable and pleasant, and the optimism quite in spiring. 2 On regarding your study as a whole, I am tempted to say: "You will surely be successful if you stick at it." You know best what I mean.

spiring. 2 On regarding your study as a whole, I am tempted to say: "You will surely be successful if you stick at it." You know best what I mean.

Modest Bridget.—You are ambitious, enjoy being prominent, and can ably fill a foremost seat. There is great adaptability and a good deal of plausibility. Some sense of humor, fluency in expression, independent and energetic action, and somewhat robuse thought. It is an able, sensible and rather cultured study, with control and repose, hope and buoyancy, and considerable care for detail. You have some originality and much initiative. You are rather a practical person, but have a receptive, slightly idealistic turn of mind, inclined to unconventionality, but averse. I should judge, to careless or Bohemian ways. It is the hand of a very fine type of woman.

Lauzanne.—September 22 is just on the cusp, passing from Virgo to Libra. You seem to have many of the Virgo and some of the Libra qualities. You should make rather a good nurse. I should fancy. The love of dancing seems to be a very strong taste in some Virgo people. As to your writing, it is still a bit crude, and being written on blue lines, its very promising. A fine discretion and caution are shown.

Contadina.—The Spanish costume might be black and yellow, bodice over half

is marred. It is really only in the second stage of development, but is very promising. A fine discretion and caution are shown.

Contadina.—The Spanish costume might be black and yellow, bodice over half sleeves of white silk. You do not carry a tambourine when wearing a plain peasant dress. You might carry a flat, square basket of grapes and oranges. I don't think any peasants wear mantillas, the either a donn't or a peasant; don't mix them up. The toreador costume you describe is perfect. Here's a good time to you and a very Happy New Year.

John Barleycorn.—I. The Pittsburg Orchestra will certainly play here next month (February) and the same conditions and the same conditions of the concerts will be made, and you must take them all in 2. I am rather glad you found your delineation a true one and that my hazard as to your occupation was so nearly correct. There's not a pin's difference between the thing I said and what you really are. I don't ever "guess" people's ages—seepns a silly sort of thing to do.

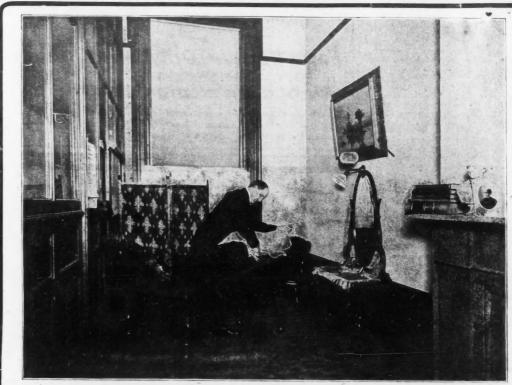
Apple Pie.—I am glad I do not have to guess your age, or I'd disagree considerably with the date you mention. It does hook a bit childish for a girl of over 23. Your birthday brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, and not apt to develop spirituality as early as others. You lack caution and reserve, and your aims are not always consistent or sustained. A Tuurus person ought to know what she wants and then get it. They are strong, exacting, self-reliant persons generally. You, without great display of force, seem able to hold your own pretty well. My "honest opinion" (what sort do you think I usually give?) is that you need a great deal of training, wisdom and experience. You may easily be sensitive and rely too much on others' opinions.

Milloot C. L.—You did not give me a nom de plume. Which hand do you use in writing now? It's rather hard that a naturally left-handed person should be forced to spoil a good fist by using the right hand. No individuality was developed thus. Your wire and shape, a sort of a



One of the best New Year's resolutions is that you will call at our piano salon and inspect the peerless Cecilian Piano Player. It is non-mechanical in action, and enables the performer, without practice, to put the correct expression into the music.

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TORONTO and QUEBEC

Altar and the Tomb.

Births

MacArthur, a daughter.

Yellower was a great walker in his college days. He liked nothing better than to set out early on a frosty morning, and to walk twenty-five or thirty miles through the country. He would start alone, as a rule, but if he fell in with a teamster, a laborer, a trampanyone—he was well pleased. He would bring home many an odd bit of talk that he had gathered in this way.

Births

MacArthur, a daughter.

Tudor, a daughter.

Wedd, a daugh

"I remember how he once met an Irishman on the road to Norristown. He and the Irishman plodded along together a matter of six or seven miles. They stopped and read each milestone, as walkers always do, and Procter said:

"I think that milestones cheer a road up wonderfully; don't you?

"Faith an' I do that,' said the Irishman. 'I find them a great comfort. It would be an improvement, though, if they was nearer one another, wouldn't it?'"

#### To be Dined in Proper Style.

The principal feature of the dining The principal feature of the diningroom is, of course, the artistic display
made by the cook on the dining-table.
But the enjoyment of the evening meal
may be greatly enhanced by having the
dining-table properly lighted. The correct thing nowadays is the "art dome"
electric fixture hung low over the table,
Many of the latest designs are to be
seen in the art showrooms of the Toronto Electric Light Company at 12 Adelaide street east.

ond Morrison to Alice Ethel Sutherland—Keming—Dec. 23, Meaford, Charles T. Sutherland to Mary Alice Keming Sutherland—Keming—Dec. 23, Meaford,
Charles T. Sutherland to Mary Alice
Keming.
Faull—Sargent—Dec. 24, Bellwood, Pa.,
Joseph Horace Faull to Annie Bell
Sargent.
McCurdy—Bayne—Dec. 24, Moncton, N.B.,
James McCurdy to Blizabeth Bayne.
Perry—Cann—Dec. 23, East Toronto, Wm.
Norman Perry, engineer G. T. R., to
Mary Austin Cann.

Deaths

Glimour—Dec. 29, Toronto, Robert Glimour, aged 69 years.
Scholfield—Dec. 28, Port Colborne, Martha E. Scholfield, aged 79 years.
Vincent—Dec. 29, Deer Park, Toronto, James T. Vincent, aged 72 years.
Masson—Dec. 24, Toronto, James Masson, formerly Judge of the County Court formerly Judge of the County Court Helselde.

Burrell Histories. Egilnton, Emma Theress, Burlell, Edition, Anne Birchall, Gamble, aged 77 years.
Gamble—Dec. 25, Toronto Anne Birchall, Gamble, aged 77 years.
Sovereign Bowlby, aged 77 years 3. months and 21 days.
Sparling—Dec. 26, Montreal, George Belton Sparling, M.A., aged 69 years.
Boulthee—Dec. 27, Rossiand, B.C., Lizzie Boulthee—Dec. 28, Guelph, Mary Coulson, aged 81 years.
Crawford—Dec. 24. Toronto, Catherine, Grant Crawford.

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